

PR

5260

.A1

1905



Class PR 5260

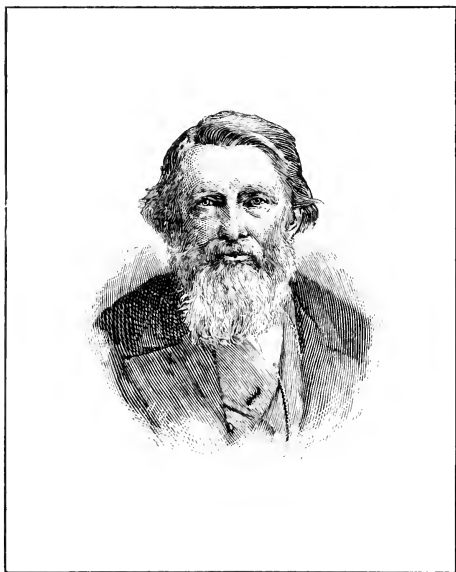
Book A1

Copyright N^o 1905

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.







JOHN RUSKIN

From a photograph



SESAME AND LILIES

BY

JOHN RUSKIN

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

MRS. LOIS G. HUFFORD

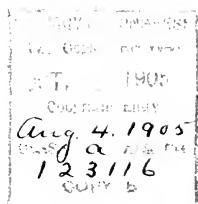
TEACHER OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE HIGH SCHOOL OF
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA



GINN & COMPANY

BOSTON · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LONDON

PR 5260
.A1
1905



COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1905
BY LOIS G. HUFFORD

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

55.8

7794.1.1.2

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	vii
LIST OF COLLECTED WORKS	xxvii
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL REFERENCES	xxix
SESAME AND LILIES:—	
INTRODUCTORY	3
OF KINGS' TREASURIES	8
ANNOTATIONS	60
OF QUEENS' GARDENS	65
ANNOTATIONS	104

Ruskin's Life Purpose as Stated by Himself.



“All my work is to help those who *have* eyes and see not.”

“I had no thought but of learning more, and teaching what truth I knew—for the student's sake, not my own fame's.”

“My purpose is to insist on the necessity as well as the dignity of an earnest, faithful, loving study of nature as she is.”

“The end of my whole professorship” (at Oxford) “would be accomplished,—if only the English nation could be made to understand that the beauty which is to be a joy forever, must be a joy for all.”

INTRODUCTION.



I.

A HALF-CENTURY has elapsed since the first volume of *Modern Painters* challenged the thoughtful attention of the public by its bold questioning of accepted standards in taste and art.

The appeal to the artist (Turner) with which the volume closes reveals the spirit in which Ruskin's own work has always been done: "We desire that he should follow out his own thoughts and intents of heart, without reference to any human authority. But we suggest that those thoughts may be seriously and loftily given. We pray him to utter nothing lightly—to do nothing regardlessly. He stands upon an eminence, from which he looks back over the universe of God, and forward over the generations of men. Let every work of his hand be a history of the one, and a lesson to the other. Let each exertion of his mighty mind be both hymn and prophecy,—adoration to the deity,—revelation to mankind."

In all his criticisms of art and life, Mr. Ruskin's attitude has been that of reverent love for truth as revealed in nature and in the human heart; his purpose has been to open men's eyes to that truth, and so to lead them to bring their own lives into harmony through obedience to the eternal laws of righteousness.

At five years of age, the child John Ruskin is said to have preached to an imaginary congregation a sermon, the

burden of which was, "People, be dood! Dood will love you if you are dood. People, be dood!"

In his later years, it is reported that a Yorkshire countryman once talked with him and tried to tell him how much he had enjoyed his works. Mr. Ruskin's reply was: "I don't care whether you enjoyed them; did they do you any good?"

It is this unwavering perception of the beauty of goodness that has made Ruskin one of the great ethical teachers of this age. The prayer of Plato, "May the gods make me beautiful within," has been his; but not for himself alone. With all the fervor of the Hebrew prophet, he has cried to all men, — "Cleanse that which is within!"

Religion, with him, is not a creed, nor a system of observances, but an animating, controlling spirit. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect," he verily believes should not be banished from thought as unattainable, but should become the lodestar of conduct as well as of aspiration.

The entire life of John Ruskin has been one of consecration. He was devoted to the service of God by his mother, but her hope of seeing him a clergyman was never realized; yet no man in this century has more faithfully performed the office of bishop and pastor according to the ideal as presented by him in "Kings' Treasuries." His ministry has been to those who have ears for the truth, and he has, indeed, been eyes to the blind. A chronological review of his works, accompanied by a study of his life, discovers a single-hearted devotion to the cause of truth and beauty, and unwearied activity in its service.

Reformers and philanthropists on the one hand, artists and art-critics on the other, have usually been regarded as two distinct types of men, with entirely different aims. It is for this reason that the publication of a series of

papers on Political Economy, under the title *Unto This Last*, in the same year (1860) in which the concluding volume of *Modern Painters* was published, was looked upon as an unaccountable phenomenon in authorship. And to this day, many, even of Mr. Ruskin's admirers, still consider the work of his later years as contradictory to that of the earlier period.

In that fifth volume of *Modern Painters*, however, Ruskin, in reviewing the seventeen years of study during which his works on art and architecture had been written, says: "All true opinions are living and show their life by being capable of nourishment; therefore of change. But their change is that of a tree, not of a cloud." Ruskin's criticisms of art had always been grounded on moral principles. He had tested all the work of man by its concurrence with the perfectness and beauty of the work of God,—so that "as the work changed like a tree, it was also rooted like a tree."

In nature, Ruskin saw beauty; in human society, he found deformity. Therefore it was natural that he should turn from a criticism of art to a criticism of life. It is because "he sees life steadily and sees it whole," that his efforts have been directed to secure moral wholeness, or health. His burning desire has been to bring man's life,—personal, social, political,—into harmony with the laws of God as impressed upon his being; for he believes that the chief end of man is to glorify God by expressing in his own life the true image of the divine nature.

John Ruskin sees nothing in isolation. He does not think of the artist, the mechanic, the merchant, the statesman, as concerned with unrelated interests. In all these accidental occupations of mankind, he beholds *man* striving by their means to realize himself, to fulfill his God-appointed destiny.

Virtue, not vice ; justice, not indifference or cruelty ; helpful service, not crushing competition, seem to him the stepping-stones to truth expressed in life. He does not believe that any form of government or any legal enactment can make men better : they must reform their own lives—then alone will they attain true freedom. Hence he builds no Utopias. Duties, not rights, are his watchword. So, although he is a conservative, he demands the most radical reform.

In a letter to Emerson, Carlyle wrote : “No man in England has in him the divine rage against iniquity, falsity, and baseness that Ruskin has, and that every man ought to have.”

It is because Ruskin’s grasp of principles has been so firm and constant, his feelings so keen, and his speech so impetuous, that he has seemed to the world a harsh censor, when he has wished to be a helpful mentor.

He does not reproach this age as being worse than others, but he judges all periods by the standards of clear honor, just dealing, sincerity of purpose. Artists of daily life he has sought above all things to develop.

“He aimed,” says Collingwood, “at the general introduction of higher aims into ordinary life ; at giving true refinement to the lower classes ; true simplicity to the upper.”

This aim is thus forcibly expressed by himself in the concluding volume of *Modern Painters* : “All effort in social improvement is paralyzed, because no one has been bold or clear-sighted enough to put and press home this radical question : ‘What is, indeed, the noblest tone and reach of life for men ; and how can the possibility of it be extended to the greatest numbers?’ It is answered, broadly and rashly, that wealth is good ; that knowledge is good ; that art is good ; that luxury is good. Whereas, none of them are good in the abstract, but good only if rightly

received. . . . This we know, shown clearly by the history of all time, that the arts and sciences, ministering to the pride of nations, have invariably hastened their ruin ; and this also, I firmly believe, that the same arts and sciences will tend as distinctly to exalt the strength and quicken the soul of every nation which employs them to increase the comfort of lowly life, and grace with happy intelligence the unambitious courses of honorable toil."

However opinions may differ as to John Ruskin's theories in art and economics, it cannot be denied that he has been one of the great motive forces of this age.

II.

IN the volume entitled "*Praeterita, or Scenes from My Past Life*," John Ruskin has taken the reader into his confidence, and has revealed not merely the main incidents in his seventy-five years of life, but the inner controlling forces that have shaped his character. To the thoughtful student of humanity these formative influences are of absorbing interest, and especially in the case of those whom the world recognizes as leaders.

The quiet life of the London home into which John Ruskin was born, February 8, 1819, was calculated to develop the love of order and the sense of peace which he counts as a rich part of his inheritance from those early years.

Not only did the affection of his parents center in this, their only child, but to the day of their deaths (which occurred after Ruskin was past middle life) both his father and his mother seem to have lived only to promote his welfare.

The almost Puritanic strictness of his mother early developed in the boy habits of obedience and self-control. "Being always summarily whipped," he says, "if I cried,

did not do as I was bid, or tumbled on the stairs, I soon attained serene and secure methods of life and motion."

Love of truth, which is the watchword throughout his writings, seems to have been inborn, and to have been fostered by the home atmosphere. An incident related of his mother's own childhood reveals much. She had, on one occasion, told her father a lie; whereupon he sent his servant for a bundle of broom twigs with which to whip her. The impression left upon her character is evident from her words: "They did not hurt as much as one would have done, but I *thought* a great deal of it."

The perfect truthfulness to which John Ruskin was accustomed, begot in him perfect faith, for as he says: "Nothing was ever promised me that was not given; nothing ever threatened me that was not inflicted; and nothing ever told me that was not true." It is his opinion that, "Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice; it is less a matter of will than of habit," and he doubts if any occasion can be trivial, which permits the practice and formation of such a habit.

In his babyhood, little was done to amuse him; and being left to his own resources chiefly, this naturally serious minded child early accustomed himself to studiously observing whatever came under his eye, within doors and without. The pattern of the carpet and the wall-paper divided his attention with the counting of bricks in the neighboring houses; and the most exciting event in his day was watching the process of filling the water-cart from an iron post on the pavement edge. To the habit of fixed attention with both eyes and mind thus formed, Mr. Ruskin attributes a large part of his power of looking into the very heart of things in later life.

In his fifth year, his daily horizon was expanded by removal to Herne Hill, four miles distant from the heart of

London. The new home had a garden and an orchard, which so far satisfied the nature-loving boy that to him it seemed an Eden, especially since the climate then allowed him to pass a great part of his time in it. Yet he observed a difference between this Paradise and that of our first parents, viz., that whereas, in Eden, but one tree was forbidden, at Herne Hill all the fruit was denied him. He also lamented that he had "no companionable beasts" to cheer his solitude.

In his boyhood, his mother was his only teacher. He read aloud with her every week-day morning from Pope's translation of Homer and the novels of Sir Walter Scott; and, on Sundays, "Robinson Crusoe" and "Pilgrim's Progress." He was also required to read regularly from the Bible, and to commit certain portions to memory. Of this habit he says: "My mother forced me by steady, patient, daily toil, to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart, as well as to read every syllable through aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once every year. She read alternate verses with me, watching, at first, every intonation of my voice, and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verse, if within my reach. It might be beyond me altogether,—that she did not care about; but she made sure that as soon as I got hold of it all, I should get hold of it by the right end. If a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation; if a chapter was tiresome, the better the lesson in patience; if a chapter was loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken."

The effect of this training was to "make every word of the scriptures familiar to my ear in habitual music,—yet in that familiarity, revered as transcending all thought and ordaining all conduct." And of all the knowledge which he afterwards acquired, Ruskin counts this intimate acquaint-

ance with the Bible as, on the whole, the *essential* part of his education.

Strict though she was, John Ruskin's mother seems never to have required him to commit more than he could easily learn by twelve o'clock, if he studied diligently. For the afternoon, he was free to employ himself as he chose.

The father of John Ruskin must have been an ideal merchant, not only in the intelligence and exactitude of his business habits, which made him prosperous, and in the integrity which led his son to have written on the granite slab over his grave,—“He was an entirely honest merchant”;—but because he was never enslaved by his business. He was a man of cultivated tastes, both in art and literature.

It was his habit to go home to dinner at half-past four; and he spent the evening in reading aloud, while the mother knitted, and the boy sat in a recess in the drawing-room, a cup of milk and a slice of bread and butter before him on a small table, listening or not, as he chose. He seems to have found these readings interesting, for the authors whose acquaintance he made in that way, Scott, Shakespeare, Byron, and Cervantes, always continued to be favorites.

Salutary as were these influences, Ruskin does not fail to recognize the narrowing tendency of his isolated childhood. He says: “My verdict on the general tenor of my education at this time must be that it was at once too formal and too luxurious; leaving my character cramped indeed, but not disciplined; and only by protection innocent, instead of by practice virtuous.”

While his intellectual taste was thus being cultivated, and the principles established which were to become the guiding motives of all his later work, his æsthetic and moral nature was yearly becoming enriched by leisurely travel through the picturesque scenes of England, or of Scotland, the native home of his parents.

These summer tours, which his father took for orders, were made a delightful two-months holiday to mother and son as well. In a post-chaise, with a seat specially arranged for the boy John, they traveled forty or fifty miles a day. Whenever they passed near a castle or a country gentleman's house, they would visit it to inspect its collection of pictures, or to glean some interesting facts concerning its history. These glimpses of the life of the great seem never to have excited in them any envy or revolt. Instead, they were grateful for life in a country so rich in inherited treasures and traditions. Thus Ruskin early saw, as he tells us, nearly all the noblemen's houses in England "in reverent and healthy delight of uncovetous admiration, — perceiving, as soon as I could perceive any political truth at all, that it was probably much happier to live in a small house and have Warwick Castle to be astonished at, than to live in Warwick Castle and have nothing to be astonished at; but that, at all events, it would not make Brunswick Square¹ more pleasantly habitable to pull Warwick Castle down."

Ruskin's susceptibility to the influences of nature was derived from his father. It is a pleasant picture, — that of the father and son, hand in hand, strolling along some by-path or hedgerow, "looking into the beauty of a flower, or gazing in rapture at some lovely nook where Nature had lavished her richest gifts of fern and foliage," for the elder Ruskin never failed to call the boy's attention to the beauties of any attractive scene. The result is, that, as he says, "I possess the gift of taking pleasure in landscape in a greater degree than most men."

The discriminating taste in art, for which Ruskin has been remarkable, finds its roots likewise in his father's intelligent love of true art. In his infallible judgment the son trusts

¹ His early childhood's home was in Brunswick Square, London.

implicitly. By never allowing the boy to look at a bad picture after he was old enough to judge, and by critical examination of the pictures in the great houses they visited, his father formed in him a pure artistic taste.

Very early also he became interested in stones and minerals. In later life, his collection of minerals was very extensive, and he made many and wide observations of geological strata in different countries, so that he thinks he might easily have distinguished himself as a geologist. Many of his writings have for their themes the sermons which he found in stones and running brooks, in leaves and flowers.

We must not overlook the early practice in composition which made the written expression of thought natural to him. Close observation of details and accuracy in reporting what he saw, were developed by the habit of spending the evenings on their travels in recording in a journal the observations and experiences of the day. When at home, he accustomed himself to writing abstracts of books read, and to retelling stories with changed names and situations. Family birthdays were always festival occasions ; and, after he was old enough, he generally prepared as a delightful surprise for his father's birthday some original piece of composition which he often illustrated with his own drawings.

In his case, it is easy to trace the influences which tended to make the child the father of the man. By all his early training and experiences he was being fitted for his calling as a teacher of ethics in art and life. These tendencies may almost be said to have been crystallized by a gift made to him on his fourteenth birthday by one of his father's partners. This gift was a copy of Rogers's "Italy," a work illustrated by the artist Turner.

So enraptured was he by these pictures of Italian scenery that his mother proposed that their summer's tour should be

made in those scenes, instead of following their usual route. It was a decision trembling with destiny. The mother could not have foreseen that the "Continental Journey" so joyful to them all was to make of her son a writer of books, instead of a preacher of pulpit sermons.

Love of mountains has always been a passion with Ruskin. To the artist who painted his portrait at the age of three, he had said, when asked what he would like for a background, — "Blue hills." In "*Praeterita*," he has described his first sight of the Alps, which was to him a consecration: "It was drawing towards sunset when we got up to some sort of garden promenade — high above the Rhine, so as to command the open country. At which open country of low undulations far into blue, — suddenly — behold — beyond." "There was no thought in any of us of their being clouds. They were clear as crystal, sharp on the horizon sky; and already tinged with rose by the sinking sun. Infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed — the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us; not more awful, round heaven, the walls of sacred death."

"It is not possible to imagine, in any time of the world, a more blessed entrance into life for a child of such a temperament as mine. I went down that evening with my destiny fixed in all of it that was to be sacred and useful. To that terrace, and the shore of the Lake of Geneva, my heart and faith return to this day, in every impulse that is yet nobly alive in them, and every thought that has in it help or peace."

In 1836, at the age of seventeen, Ruskin entered Christ Church College at the University of Oxford. The associations of the place impressed his sensitive nature, and the years spent there were fruitful in friendships, if not especially influential in developing his abilities. His desire to gratify his parents' ambitious hopes impelled him to compete

successfully for the Newdigate Prize Poem. But for college honors, which must be won by memory-cramming and competitive examinations, he had no ambition ; and when, in his third year at Oxford, a hemorrhage of the lungs led his physicians to recommend a winter in Italy, he hailed the permission to leave off his scholastic studies as a happy reprieve, saying that the delight of resuming his sketching gave a healthy stimulus to all the faculties which had been latently progressive in him.

Oxford afterwards honored herself by conferring upon him degrees in acknowledgment of his invaluable services to literature and art ; and, when the Slade Art Professorship was established (1869), Mr. Ruskin willingly accepted its duties that he might arouse in the youth of the higher classes an intelligent interest in art. The lectures that he delivered while holding this professorship are among the most instructive and inspiring of his writings.

On his twenty-first birthday, his father made him a present of a drawing by Turner, and also settled upon him about \$1000 a year for spending-money, \$350 of which the young man immediately spent for one of Turner's water-colors.

The real work of Ruskin's life may be said to have begun when, at the age of twenty-four, he published a defense of Turner's methods in painting, which had been bitterly attacked by the critics. Whatever might be thought of Turner, the English reading public detected in this volume, entitled "Modern Painters," and signed "By an Oxford Graduate," the voice of a new master of English prose.

All the works that issued from his pen until he was forty years old combined to give him the reputation of being an Apostle of the Beautiful ; but Ruskin never had believed in the doctrine of "Art for Art's sake" : he had always held that its reason for being was to give expression to the diviner perceptions and feelings in man, and thereby to

purify and elevate all life. "The main business of art," he says, "is its service in the actual uses of daily life." "The giving brightness to pictures, is much, but the giving brightness to life, more."

Since 1860, the work of Mr. Ruskin, which has been mainly exerted to bring brightness and beauty into the lives of men and women of all classes, may be considered under two aspects: first, as a writer and lecturer; second, as a practical philanthropist.

Feeling that the mechanical grind of machine-labor had taken from the common workman all the joy in work; that the cruel oppression of Competition had led many men to find their happiness at the expense of others' loss, Mr. Ruskin lifted up his voice in protest against what he considers the false notions of social economics which are at the root of much of the misery in the modern world. He says that he could not go on painting or doing anything else that he liked because he was made wretched by the knowledge of the undeserved suffering all about him. "Therefore," he says, "I will endure it no longer quietly; but, henceforward, with any few or many who will help me, I will do my poor best to abate this misery."

To that end, he has lectured to Oxford students and to the citizens of many towns in England; he has written numerous letters to workingmen, and published articles on questions of political economy; he has tried to teach young and old of all ranks through papers on art and science and nature; the burden of his message being always: Let the love of the true, the beautiful, and the good mould your individual and your national life, so that purity and wholesome living may be possible to all.

By teaching its classes and in other ways, the Workingmen's College and the University Extension Courses have received Mr. Ruskin's active personal support.

As of Chaucer's parson, so it may be justly said of Mr. Ruskin that —

“ Cristes lore and his apostles twelve
He taught, but first he followed it himselve.”

Of the large fortune of nearly \$800,000 left him by his father, he has kept less than one-twelfth for himself, having used the rest in establishing museums, art-schools and libraries; in erecting comfortable dwelling-houses for the poor; in aiding needy young men and women to get an education, etc. He has not simply been the almoner, entrusting the distribution of his gifts to others, but has himself, in most cases, attended personally to the carrying out of his benevolent schemes. He gave altogether \$70,000 to establish St. George's Guild near Sheffield, where the effort was made to put into practical operation a community of industries conducted on the principle of coöperation instead of competition. Those who joined this Guild were asked to subscribe to the following statement of faith and practice :

1. I trust in the living God, Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth, and of all things and creatures, visible and invisible. I trust in the kindness of His law and the goodness of His work. And I will strive to love Him and to keep His law, and to see His work while I live.

2. I trust in the nobleness of human nature — in the majesty of its faculties, the fullness of its mercy, and the joy of its love. And I will strive to love my neighbor as myself, and even when I cannot, I will act as if I did.

3. I will labor with such strength and opportunity as God gives me, for my own daily bread; and all that my hand finds to do, I will do it with my might.

4. I will not deceive, or cause to be deceived, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor hurt, nor cause to be

hurt, any human being for my gain or pleasure; nor rob, nor cause to be robbed, any human being for my gain or pleasure.

5. I will not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing; but will strive to save and to comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty upon the earth.

6. I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness; not in rivalry or contention with others, but for the help, delight, and honor of others, and for the joy and peace of my own life.

7. I will obey all the laws of my country faithfully; and the order of its monarch, so far as such laws and commands are consistent with what I suppose to be the law of God; and when they are not so, or seem in any wise to need change, I will oppose them loyally and deliberately—not with malicious, concealed, or disorderly violence.

8. And with the same faithfulness, and under the limits of the same obedience, which I render to the laws of my country, and the commands of its rulers, I will obey the laws of the society called of St. George . . . so long as I remain a companion called of St. George.

The land which the Guild worked was to be brought under perfect cultivation; the laborers were to be paid unchanging, sufficient wages; and their children were to be educated in industrial schools that would develop their special powers; the girls were to be taught domestic arts. Gentleness, courtesy, truth, and obedience were to be strictly inculcated. By hearing of brave and beautiful deeds, reverence was to be cultivated, and all were to be taught music as an expression of true feeling.

Experimentally, the plan has not been a success, because it was undertaken by people who did not understand or sympathize fully with Mr. Ruskin's ideas. His efforts to

induce manufacturers to produce honest goods, and tradesmen to offer for sale unadulterated articles were not without effect, however, and the leaven of the principles of the Guild of St. George is still working.

Mr. Ruskin is no cold speculative spinner of theories which are foreign to his own practice. The motto which he adopted for his crest — “To-day !” — is the keynote of his entire life. Whenever he has felt that a word must be spoken to awaken the ignorant or the indifferent, he has said it. Wherever he has seen an opportunity for bettering conditions, he has, at once, done all in his power for their improvement. On one occasion, finding a crop of thistles growing as the result of a farmer’s carelessness, he eradicated them with his own hands. While he was lecturing at Oxford, he said to the students : “Will none of you of your own strength and leisure do anything for the poor — drain a single cottage, repair a single village by-way? Then, you yourselves will be more strong, and your hearts more light, than had your leisure been spent in costly games or more hurtful amusements.” There was an active response to this noble appeal, resulting in the mending of a neglected piece of road. His own sincerity and earnestness were demonstrated by his taking lessons in stone-breaking himself. Indeed, he has consistently upheld the dignity of all honest labor. He tells us that the happiest bit of manual labor that he ever did was for his mother once when they were traveling in Switzerland. She had complained that the stone staircase in the little inn where they were stopping was unbearably dirty. Nobody belonging to the house seeming to think it possible to wash it, Ruskin says he brought the necessary buckets of water from the yard, “poured them into a beautiful image of Versailles water-works” down the fifteen or twenty steps, and, with the strongest broom he could find, cleaned every step into its

corner. "It was quite lovely work to dash the water and drive the mud from each with accumulating splash down to the next one."

No wonder that he held that "A true lady should be a princess, a washerwoman,—yes, a washerwoman! To see that all is fair and clean, to wash with water, to cleanse and purify wherever she goes, to set disordered things in orderly array."

Ruskin has said that the creation of the world for him dates from a day in his fifth year when his nurse took him to Friar's Crag on Derwentwater. "The intense joy mingled with awe that I had in looking through the mossy roots over the crag into the dark lake has associated itself more or less with all twining roots of trees ever since."

In his sixtieth year, suffering from illness and exhaustion induced by excessive labors and anxiety, he "wearied for the heights that look down upon the dale," and felt that if he could only lie down there, he should get well again. He was glad, therefore, to avail himself of an opportunity that offered to purchase a house and land overlooking Lake Coniston, near the spot so dear in his memory.

Brantwood, as he calls the place, has ever since been to him a refuge of peace and joy. For although he still retains the old home at Herne Hill, yet he loves to work and rest with congenial friends in this beautiful retreat among the hills and lakes.

Those who have been associated with him the longest and most intimately, love him ardently. The feeling which throbs in every page he has written expresses itself in thoughtful kindness to all who come within the charmed circle of his friendship. He is a perfect host, a considerate neighbor, a lover of children and of animals,—a teacher whose own life has been a consistent expression of the ideal knighthood of which he has been the fearless advocate.

III.

MR. RUSKIN has always recognized and accepted his own limitations. While he has used the pencil and the brush with great delicacy and skill, in the illustration of his works, he early discovered that nature had not gifted him with the creative faculty necessary to the successful artist. In his youth, he wrote poems which the affectionate admiration of his friends afterwards induced him to publish, but he himself knew that he was lacking in the constructive imagination essential to the production of great poems, so he never wrote poetry after he was thirty years of age. But those who have been thrilled by the melody and the picturing power of his rhythmical imaginative prose find in this nothing to regret. For, under his touch, English prose has revealed a capability of sensuous, lyrical expression before unknown.

A recent writer has said: "Poetry is the expression, in beautiful form and melodious language, of the best thoughts and noblest emotions, which the spectacle of life awakens in the finest souls; hence, it is clear that this may be effected by prose as truly as by verse, if only the language be rhythmical and beautiful."

Words are to Ruskin not merely mechanical devices for convenience in the communication of ideas. The sense of rightness, which dominates all his thinking, leads him to be perfectly accurate and precise in the use of words; the reverence with which he views all of life gives to his language an impassioned, persuasive character; the penetrating vision, which reveals to him everywhere in nature the presence of the beautiful, imparts to his prose a rich ornamentation and a chaste imagery.

Ruskin's style had really been formed by his childhood's habit of daily repetition of the poetic language of the

The fervor of feeling, the sublime simplicity of diction, the glow of imaginative vision characteristic of the Hebrew poets and prophets had become his own mode of thinking, and, consequently, of expression. So much was said of the beauty of his style in his earlier works that he was seriously disturbed, and complained that, "People do not think at all about *what* I am saying, but only about *how* I say it."

It is acknowledged by a critic not altogether friendly that, if we compare anything which is familiar to us with Ruskin's description of it, we shall find that, not only are his words pleasing in their appeal to the ear and the eye, but also that he has given an exhaustive enumeration of attributes, and the most discriminating selection of the features that give distinctive essence to the thing described.

Ruskin himself says that he left no passage until he had put into it as much as it could be made to carry, and that he had chosen the words with the utmost precision and tune he could give them. Much as he loves words for their rightness and their beauty, in his dealing with every question, he avoids, as far as possible, technical terms. Scholastic verbal quiddities are hateful to him because he goes to the heart of life in the endeavor to penetrate its secret.

Ruskin's writings everywhere give evidence that "The style is the man." The same unity and harmony are in his language as in his view of art and life; the same principles control his style as his thought. "All the virtues of language," he says, "are in their roots, moral; it becomes accurate if the speaker desires to be true; clear, if he speaks with sympathy and a desire to be intelligible; powerful, if he has earnestness; pleasant, if he has sense of rhythm and order."

Writing to young students, Mr. Ruskin admonished them to fix in their minds as the guiding principle of all right labor and the source of all healthful energy the idea that

their art should be in praise of something that they loved. It might be the praise of a shell or a stone ; it might be the praise of a hero ; it might be the praise of God ; but it must be the expression of true delight in some real thing. This is the secret of the moving quality, the impressiveness of Ruskin's writings. He loved nature as the expression of the loving thought of God. He studied plants and clouds and mountains, not as an artist, to paint pictures ; not as a scientist, to class and analyze them ; but to discover their aspects, to read in them the revelation of God to man. Like Wordsworth, he had felt, —

“ A sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things ; all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.”

It is because of this consciousness of the Indwelling God that Ruskin has been the interpreter of the mystical meanings in the various voices of nature. That he speaks to the common heart of man is shown by the fact that “his works have found their way among all classes.”

Ruskin is unsurpassed as a painter with words ; but he is more than a word-painter : his power to touch imagination with emotion, to stir the deeper feelings, and to rouse the whole moral nature will continue to make his a life-giving influence over generations to-come.

A List of the Collected Works of Mr. Ruskin.



- THE POETRY OF ARCHITECTURE. Papers Contributed to the Architectural Magazine. 1837-1839.
- THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER. A Mythical Story for the Young. 1841.
- MODERN PAINTERS. 5 vols. 1843-1860.
- SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE. 1849.
- PRE-RAPHAELITISM. 1851.
- NOTES ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF SHEEPFOLDS. (On the Duty of Pastors.) 1851.
- STONES OF VENICE. 3 vols. 1851-1853.
- LECTURES ON ARCHITECTURE. 1853.
- ELEMENTS OF DRAWING. (Letters to Beginners.) 1857.
- THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF ART. 1857.
- TWO PATHS ON ART. Its Application to Decoration and Manufacture. 1859.
- POEMS. Collected in 1859.
- UNTO THIS LAST. Lectures on Political Economy. 1860.
- MUNERA PULVERIS. On the Elements of Political Economy. 1863.
- SESAME AND LILIES. 1865.
- ETHICS OF THE DUST. Lectures to Little Housewives on the Elements of Crystallization. 1865.
- CROWN OF WILD OLIVE. Three Lectures on Work, Traffic, and War. 1866.
- TIME AND TIDE. Letters to a Workingman on the Laws of Work. 1867.
- THE QUEEN OF THE AIR. A Study of the Greek Myths of Cloud and Storm. 1869.

- LECTURES ON ART. Delivered before the University of Oxford. 1870.
- ARATRA PENTELICI. Lectures on the Elements of Sculpture Delivered at Oxford. 1870.
- FORS CLAVIGERA. Letters to Workingmen. 1871-1878.
- ARIADNE FLORENTINA. Lectures on Wood and Metal Engraving. 1872.
- LOVE'S MEINIE. A Study of Birds. 1873.
- THE ART OF ENGLAND. (Oxford Lectures.) 1874.
- PROSERPINA. Studies of Wayside Flowers. 1874.
- DEUCALION. Studies on the Lapse of Waves and the Life of Stones. 1876.
- ST. MARK'S REST. The History of Venice. 1877.
- VAL D'ARNO. Oxford Lectures on Tuscan Art. 1877.
- THE LAWS OF FÉSOLE. A Familiar Treatise on the Elementary Principles of Drawing and Painting, Arranged for the Use of Schools. 1877.
- MORNINGS IN FLORENCE. Simple Studies on Christian Art. 1877.
- ARROWS OF THE CHACE. (Collected Letters.) 1880.
- PLEASURES OF ENGLAND. (Oxford Lectures.) 1885.
- OUR FATHERS HAVE TOLD US. Sketches of the History of Christendom for Boys and Girls who have been held at its Fonts. 1885.
- MISCELLANEA. A Collection of Letters and Papers not included in his other published works. 1894.
- HORTUS INCLUSUS.
- PRAETERITA. An Autobiography. 1887.
- STONES OF VERONA, and Other Lectures. 1894.
- A JOY FOREVER, and its Price in the Market. 1894.

Bibliographical References.

ASIDE from Mr. Ruskin's self-revelations in *Praeterita*, *Fors Clavigera*, etc., the best and most reliable account of him as a man and a writer is —

LIFE OF JOHN RUSKIN, by W. G. Collingwood.

Other valuable studies of his life and writings are found in the following named works : —

RECORDS OF TENNYSON, RUSKIN AND BROWNING, by Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie.

POETS AND PROBLEMS, by G. W. Cooke.

LESSONS FROM MY MASTERS, by Peter Bayne.

JOHN RUSKIN, HIS LIFE AND TEACHING, by J. R. Mather.

MODERN LEADERS, by Justin McCarthy.

PEN PICTURES OF MODERN AUTHORS, by Shepard.

OUT OF THE PAST, by Godwin.

THE WORK OF JOHN RUSKIN, by Chas. Waldstein.

THE VICTORIAN AGE OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, by Mrs. Oliphant.

FAMOUS AUTHORS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, by S. K. Bolton.

QUOTATIONS FROM OTHER AUTHORS.

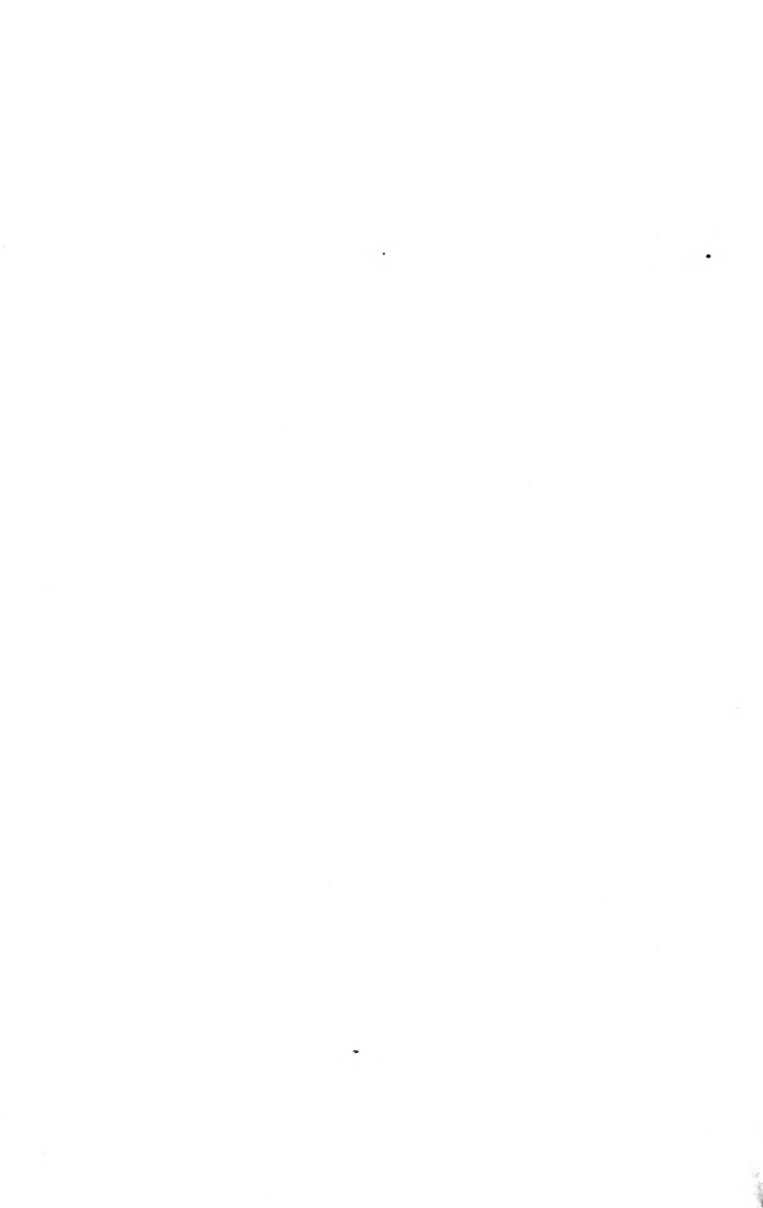
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>Milton, <i>Lycidas</i>, 24; <i>Paradise Lost</i>, 70.
 Shakespeare, 73, 306, 312.
 Scott, 101.
 Wordsworth, 84, 85, 90.
 De Quincey, 92, 93.
 Pope, 164, 312; translation from Homer, 315.
 Tennyson, 102, 103.
 Carlyle, 222.
 Freeman, the historian, 211.
 Richard Owen, 342.</p> | <p>Froissart, 230-234.
 Homer, 298, 313, 322.
 Pindar, 296, 328.
 Euripides, 308.
 Virgil, 286.
 Horace, 295, 328.
 Ormerod, 314.
 Dante, 32, 54, 317.
 Coventry Patmore, 80.
 Dante Rossetti, 76, 77.
 John Stuart Mill, 187, 193, 194.
 Proverbs from the Italian, 83.</p> |
|---|--|
-

INDEX TO SCRIPTURAL ALLUSIONS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p><i>Genesis</i>, xi. 3, p. 395.
 <i>Exodus</i>, ii. 5, 10, p. (106); xv. 23, p. (168); xix. 16, p. (432).
 <i>Job</i>, xxxviii. 31, p. 305.
 <i>Judges</i>, xiv. 5-14, p. (270).
 <i>Proverbs</i>, i. 26, 27, p. 376; x. 2, p. 148; xxii. 2, 16, 22, 23, p. 149; xxix. 13, p. 149.
 <i>Song of Solomon</i>, ii. 11-13, p. 237, (271); ii. 15, p. 103, (107).
 <i>Isaiah</i>, xi. 1, p. 318; xxxv. 1, p. 69.
 <i>Daniel</i>, iii. 1, p. (168).
 <i>Matthew</i>, ii. 1-11, p. (271); iv. 18-22, p. 24, (61); xvi. 18, 19, p. (61); xx. 1-14, p. 110; xxii. 3, 8, 9, p. (61); xxvi. 14-16, p. (270).</p> | <p><i>Luke</i>, v. 27, p. (270); xvi. 20, p. (63); xxii. 39-44, p. (429); xxiii. 18, 19, p. 151.
 <i>John</i>, iv. p. (271); viii. 10, 11, p. 23; xi. 49, 50, p. (62); xx. 20, p. (107).
 <i>Acts</i>, ii. 2, p. (430); viii. p. (167); xi. 26, p. 319, (429); xvii. 23, p. 432.
 <i>Romans</i>, vi. 8, p. 53, (64).
 <i>Hebrews</i>, xi. 7, p. 22.
 <i>1 Corinthians</i>, xv. 56, p. 148.
 <i>1 Thessalonians</i>, v. 19, p. 326.
 <i>2 Peter</i>, iii. 5-7, p. 22.
 <i>Revelations</i>, xiv. 15, p. 310.</p> |
|---|--|

The intellect becomes noble and ignoble according to the food we give it, and the kind of subjects with which it is conversant. — *Stones of Venice*.

In the cloud of the human soul there is a fire stronger than the lightning, and a grace more precious than the rain ; and though of the good and evil it shall one day be said alike, that the place that knew them knows them no more, there is an infinite separation between those whose brief presence had been there a blessing, like the mist of Eden that went up from the earth to water the garden, and those whose place knew them only as a drifting and changeful shade, of whom the heavenly sentence is, that they are “wells without water ; clouds that are carried with a tempest, to whom the mist of darkness is reserved for ever.” — *Mystery of Life*.



SESAME AND LILIES.



INTRODUCTORY.

RUSKIN certainly has a right to demand that those who read his writings shall obey the rule which he says should govern all reading : “ Be sure that you go to an author to find out *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards, if you think yourself qualified to do so ; but ascertain it first.”

He has himself said, in a preface to these lectures, that their entire gist is to be found in the concluding paragraphs of the third lecture, “ The Mystery of Life and its Arts.” Therein we find an emphatic statement of his view of what constitutes right living.

Instead of thinking what we are to *get*, he would have us think what we ought to do to make this world a good place for all God’s children to live their lives in.

“ Those of us who mean to fulfill our duty ought, first,” he says, “ to live on as little as we can ; and, secondly, to do all the wholesome work we can, and to spend all we can spare in doing all the sure good we can.”

As is his custom, Ruskin would make the scriptural teaching a rule of practice, as well as of faith. To every man, whatever his station in life, who is doing nothing for the good of the world, he would say : “ If any man will not work, neither should he eat.”

Helpful action in coöperation with others should be made the rule of life. For this, immediate opportunity

may always be found in mending evil material conditions. Every one should learn to do some useful thing thoroughly.

When we educate our youths to "make it the effort of their lives to be chaste, knightly, faithful, holy in thought, lovely in word and deed," we shall have put into their hands the keys of the kingdom of heaven which is within us.

"Sesame and Lilies" deals primarily with motives; in these we shall find the *sesame*, the talisman, by which we may open all doors of feeling and understanding; these hold the keys of Life, or—it may be—of Death. Mr. Ruskin's poetic nature appears in his love of symbolic names. The "Kings' Treasuries" of which he writes, are those which contain the precious thoughts of kingly minds in all ages—the great, true books of the world.

What to read, and how to read might be the title of this lecture. Because of "our daily enlarging means of education" the choice of books is becoming of vital importance, not only to the individual, but to the national health. In Mr. Ruskin's opinion, there is a fundamental error in the common idea of the purpose of education. Most people are seeking an education for their children in order that it may secure to them some worldly advantage; whereas, they do not seem to realize that there may be an education which is in itself an advancement in that higher life which does not consist in the abundance of things which a man possesses.

With keen penetration, Mr. Ruskin analyzes the popular idea of "advancement in life," and finds that it practically means becoming conspicuous; *i.e.*, being recognized as having attained to something respectable or honorable. In making money, not the having wealth, but what Bacon calls "the fame of riches"; in acquiring a position of authority,

not the consciousness of superior ability to discharge its duties, but to hear himself addressed as "Captain," or "My Lord," — this it is which stimulates ambitious effort. Love of praise he believes to be the powerful incentive to human action, especially in our day. We want to get into what the world calls "good society," that we may be seen in it.

Although Mr. Ruskin may seem to set a low estimate upon the motives of men in general, yet he does not deny that the desire of being useful, of duty to fellow-men, does have a share in the motives of most.

In associating with the true and the wise, we are most likely to be happy and useful. How are we to secure such association? Few of us can be admitted to the higher circles of human intelligence among the living men and women of our own day; but, while we vainly covet an audience with queens and princes, with men of science and great poets, we sometimes overlook the fact that the best thought of the princely minds of all ages is offered to us, and is waiting patiently for our listening ear. Hidden behind the covers of books we may find the best expression of the deepest thought of the wise. But there are books *and* books: it is essential to distinguish.

The inherently bad books, it is needless to say, should never be opened; but, if we would so use books as to advance ourselves in the true sense, we must follow Mr. Ruskin's suggestion: give some time to the "good books for the hour," which acquaint us with the life of our own age; but give our chief attention to the masterpieces in literature, — the "good books for all time." These Books of the Kings are the treasures whose gems may be won by all who learn the *sesame*, or magic pass-word.

The remainder of the lecture is devoted chiefly to showing how such knowledge may be acquired; for this noble society will open its doors only to those who make themselves

worthy. Worthiness is to be attained through love alone, and this love must be shown in two ways: *First*, by patient attention and laborious study whereby we may enter understandingly into their thoughts; *second*, by sharing their mighty passion, through which we may rise to a knowledge of their hearts.

A reader of many books, according to Mr. Ruskin, is not necessarily an educated person. The superficial study of several languages may even be attended by a kind of illiteracy, *i.e.*, a lack of real understanding of the words of any language. On the other hand, the accurate knowledge which manifests itself in correct pronunciation, precision in the use of words, and a clear understanding of the pedigree and history of his own language, marks a truly educated man. To acquire this knowledge entails severe study, but "the general gain to character in power and precision will be quite incalculable."

To illustrate his idea of the kind of study necessary for acquiring this exact knowledge, Mr. Ruskin examines closely a passage from Milton's "Lycidas." His analysis, or "word-by-word examination," not only makes the sense of this passage intelligible, but also shows just how he would have us get the author's meaning in reading any piece of literature; by banishing from our thoughts, for the time, all preconceived notions of our own, and entering into the mind of the writer so as to see what he saw.

To make our minds good ground for the growth of the seeds which these Kings of Thought have to sow, we must clear them of all weeds of prejudice, and root up and utterly destroy whatever evil may have begun to grow therein. By this means, since "moral judgments are based on intellectual," we shall be able to take the second step towards worthiness to be admitted to friendly companionship with the great. By habits of precise thinking, we enter into their minds; but it is only by feeling truly that we can

enter into their hearts. Sensitive sympathy with whatsoever is pure, just, and noble gives the talismanic sesame which opens the doors to the treasures of living truth.

As with the individual, so with the nation. "For as in nothing is a gentleman better to be discerned from a vulgar person, so in nothing is a gentle nation better to be discerned from a mob, than in this,—that their feelings are constant and just, results of due contemplation, and of equal thought."

By citing actual examples drawn from (then) recent occurrences, Ruskin shows how England falls short of real greatness,—that greatness which secures to every man, woman, and child healthful conditions for the development of sound bodies, intelligent minds, pure morals.

His own justness in judging is made evident by his acknowledging that the public heart still beats true in response to an appeal to its higher feelings. "Instinctive, reckless virtue," however, cannot save a nation; its passions must be disciplined by reason, and controlled by love of justice and righteousness.

That the "insanity of avarice" is so seriously affecting the mind of England as to cause a loss of hearty appreciation of nature's beauties, of art, literature, and science, and a blunting of human sympathy, is proved by the evidence of striking facts.

It is negative virtue revealed by callous indifference to remediable evils that leads Mr. Ruskin to accuse the public of "childish illiterateness." It is this want of right education which prevents our reading aright the lessons hidden in the Kings' Treasuries of Wisdom. The seeing eye and the understanding heart lead to the true advancement in life. "He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into Living Peace."

In the men who have this life resides the true kingship. They are the men of power. The ideal state will be realized when these men, putting themselves under the guidance of the "Angels of Conduct, Toil, and Thought," and so becoming "magnanimous — mighty of heart, mighty of mind," — shall sit in the seats of kings and bring forth treasures of wisdom for their people.

In public education, directed to make men thoughtful, merciful, and just, is the only talisman of public health and public safety.



LECTURE I. — SESAME.

OF KINGS' TREASURES.¹

"You shall each have a cake of sesame, — and ten pound."

LUCIAN : *The Fisherman*.

1. My first duty this evening is to ask your pardon for the ambiguity of title under which the subject of this lecture has been announced : for indeed I am not going to talk of kings, known as regnant, nor of treasuries, understood to contain wealth ; but of quite another order of royalty, and another material of riches, than those usually acknowledged. I had even intended to ask your attention for a little while on trust, and (as sometimes one contrives, in taking a friend to see a favorite piece of scenery) to hide what I wanted most to show, with such imperfect cunning as I might, until we unexpectedly reached the best point of view by winding paths. But — and as also I have heard it said, by men practiced in public address, that hearers are never so much fatigued as by the endeavor to follow a speaker who gives

¹ This lecture was given December 6, 1864, at Rusholme Town Hall, Manchester, in aid of a library fund for the Rusholme Institute.

them no clue to his purposes, — I will take the slight mask off at once, and tell you plainly that I want to speak to you about the treasures hidden in books ; and about the way we find them, and the way we lose them. A grave subject, you will say ; and a wide one ! Yes ; so wide that I shall make no effort to touch the compass of it. I will try only to bring before you a few simple thoughts about reading, which press themselves upon me every day more deeply, as I watch the course of the public mind with respect to our daily enlarging means of education ; and the answeringly wider spreading on the levels, of the irrigation of literature.

2. It happens that I have practically some connection with schools for different classes of youth ; and I receive many letters from parents respecting the education of their children. In the mass of these letters I am always struck by the precedence which the idea of a “position in life” takes above all other thoughts in the parents’ — more especially in the mothers’ — minds. “The education befitting such and such a *station in life*” — this is the phrase, this the object, always. They never seek, as far as I can make out, an education good in itself ; even the conception of abstract rightness in training rarely seems reached by the writers. But, an education “which shall keep a good coat on my son’s back ; — which shall enable him to ring with confidence the visitors’ bell at doubled-belled doors ; which shall result ultimately in establishment of a doubled-belled door to his own house ; — in a word, which shall lead to ‘advancement in life’ ; — *this* we pray for on bent knees — and this is *all* we pray for.” It never seems to occur to the parents that there may be an education which, in itself, *is* advancement in Life ; — that any other than that may perhaps be advancement in Death ; and that this essential education might be more easily got, or given, than they fancy, if they set about it in the right way ; while it is for

no price, and by no favor, to be got, if they set about it in the wrong.

3. Indeed, among the ideas most prevalent and effective in the mind of this busiest of countries, I suppose the first—at least that which is confessed with the greatest frankness, and put forward as the fittest stimulus to youthful exertion—is this of “Advancement in life.” May I ask you to consider with me what this idea practically includes, and what it should include.

Practically, then, at present, “advancement in life” means, becoming conspicuous in life ;— obtaining a position which shall be acknowledged by others to be respectable or honorable. We do not understand by this advancement, in general, the mere making of money, but the being known to have made it ; not the accomplishment of any great aim, but the being seen to have accomplished it. In a word, we mean the gratification of our thirst for applause: That thirst, if the last infirmity of noble minds, is also the first infirmity of weak ones ; and, on the whole, the strongest impulsive influence of average humanity: the greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to the love of praise, as its greatest catastrophes to the love of pleasure.

4. I am not about to attack or defend this impulse. I want you only to feel how it lies at the root of effort ; especially of all modern effort. It is the gratification of vanity which is, with us, the stimulus of toil, and balm of repose ; so closely does it touch the very springs of life that the wounding of our vanity is always spoken of (and truly) as in its measure *mortal* ; we call it “mortification,” using the same expression which we should apply to a gangrenous and incurable bodily hurt. And although few of us may be physicians enough to recognize the various effect of this passion upon health and energy, I believe most honest men know, and would at once acknowledge, its lead-

ing power with them as a motive. The seaman does not commonly desire to be made captain only because he knows he can manage the ship better than any other sailor on board. He wants to be made captain that he may be *called* captain. The clergyman does not usually want to be made a bishop only because he believes no other hand can, as firmly as his, direct the diocese through its difficulties. He wants to be made bishop primarily that he may be called "My Lord." And a prince does not usually desire to enlarge, or a subject to gain, a kingdom, because he believes that no one else can as well serve the State, upon its throne ; but, briefly, because he wishes to be addressed as "Your Majesty," by as many lips as may be brought to such utterance.

5. This, then, being the main idea of "advancement in life," the force of it applies, for all of us, according to our station, particularly to that secondary result of such advancement which we call "getting into good society." We want to get into good society, not that we may have it, but that we may be seen in it ; and our notion of its goodness depends primarily on its conspicuousness.

Will you pardon me if I pause for a moment to put what I fear you may think an impertinent question? I never can go on with an address unless I feel, or know, that my audience are either with me or against me : I do not much care which, in beginning ; but I must know where they are ; and I would fain find out, at this instant, whether you think I am putting the motives of popular action too low. I am resolved, to-night, to state them low enough to be admitted as probable ; for whenever, in my writings on Political Economy, I assume that a little honesty, or generosity—or what used to be called "virtue"—may be calculated upon as a human motive of action, people always answer me, saying, "You must not calculate on that : that is not in human

nature: you must not assume anything to be common to men but acquisitiveness and jealousy; no other feeling ever has influence on them, except accidentally, and in matters out of the way of business." I begin, accordingly, to-night low in the scale of motives; but I must know if you think me right in doing so. Therefore, let me ask those who admit the love of praise to be usually the strongest motive in men's minds in seeking advancement, and the honest desire of doing any kind of duty to be an entirely secondary one, to hold up their hands. (*About a dozen of hands held up—the audience, partly, not being sure the lecturer is serious, and, partly, shy of expressing opinion.*) I am quite serious—I really do want to know what you think; however, I can judge by putting the reverse question. Will those who think that duty is generally the first, and love of praise the second, motive, hold up their hands? (*One hand reported to have been held up, behind the lecturer.*). Very good; I see you are with me, and that you think I have not begun too near the ground. Now, without teasing you by putting farther question, I venture to assume that you will admit duty as at least a secondary or tertiary motive. You think that the desire of doing something useful, or obtaining some real good, is indeed an existent collateral idea, though a secondary one, in most men's desire of advancement. You will grant that moderately honest men desire place and office, at least in some measure, for the sake of beneficent power; and would wish to associate rather with sensible and well-informed persons than with fools and ignorant persons, whether they are seen in the company of the sensible ones or not. And finally, without being troubled by repetition of any common truisms about the preciousness of friends, and the influence of companions, you will admit, doubtless, that according to the sincerity of our desire that our friends may be true, and our companions

wise, — and in proportion to the earnestness and discretion with which we choose both, will be the general chances of our happiness and usefulness.

6. But, granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power ! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice ! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance, or necessity ; and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would ; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice ; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humoredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive ; or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a Princess, or arresting the kind glance of a Queen. And yet these momentary chances we covet ; and spend our years, and passions, and powers in pursuit of little more than these ; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation ; — talk to us in the best words they can choose, and of the things nearest their hearts. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long, — kings and statesmen lingering patiently, not to grant audience, but to gain it ! — in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our bookcase shelves, — we make no account of that company, — perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long !

7. You may tell me, perhaps, or think within yourselves, that the apathy with which we regard this company of the

noble, who are praying us to listen to them; and the passion with which we pursue the company, probably of the ignoble, who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this,—that we can see the faces of the living men, and it is themselves, and not their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar. But it is not so. Suppose you never were to see their faces;—suppose you could be put behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet, or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to advance beyond the screen? And when the screen is only a little less, folded in two instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest of men;—this station of audience, and honorable privy council, you despise!

8. But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, that you desire to hear them. Nay; that cannot be so, for the living people will themselves tell you about passing matters, much better in their writings than in their careless talk. But I admit that this motive does influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings,—books, properly so called. For all books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

9. The good book of the hour, then,—I do not speak of the bad ones,—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of

some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humored and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar possession of the present age; we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use if we allow them to usurp the place of true books: for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day: whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor, in the real sense, to be "read." A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merèly, but to

perpetuate it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it ; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may ; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him ;—this, the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever ; engrave it on rock, if he could ; saying, “This is the best of me ; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another ; my life was as the vapor, and is not ; but this I saw and knew : this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.” That is his “writing” ; it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a “Book.”

10. Perhaps you think no books were ever so written.

But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty, or at all in kindness ? or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people ? None of us, I hope, are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of a wise man’s work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art.¹ It is mixed always with evil fragments—ill-done, redundant, affected work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those *are* the book.

11. Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men :—by great readers, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice ; and Life is short. You have heard as much before ;—yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities ? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot

¹ Note this sentence carefully, and compare the *Queen of the Air*, § 106.

read that — that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

12. "The place you desire," and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this: — it is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but brief question, Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms? — no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of

our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings, if you would recognize our presence."

13. This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love in these two following ways :

I. — First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe ; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it ; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

Very ready we are to say of a book, "How good this is — that's exactly what I think !" But the right feeling is, "How strange that is ! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true ; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards, if you think yourself qualified to do so ; but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once ; — nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too ; but he cannot say it all ; and what is more strange, *will* not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order that he may be sure you want it. I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyze that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it to you by way of help, but of reward ; and will make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it. But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no

reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops, so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there; and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where: you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

14. And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?" And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting-furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiseling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

15. And therefore, first of all, I tell you, earnestly and authoritatively (I *know* I am right in this), you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable — nay letter by letter. For though it is only by reason of the opposition of letters in the function of signs, to sounds in the function of signs, that the study of books is called "literature," and that a man versed in it is called, by the consent of nations, a man of letters instead of a man of books, or of words, you

may yet connect with that accidental nomenclature this real fact ; — that you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough) and remain an utterly “illiterate,” uneducated person ; but that if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter, — that is to say, with real accuracy, — you are forevermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it) consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages, — may not be able to speak any but his own, — may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely ; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly ; above all, he is learned in the *peerage* of words ; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood at a glance, from words of modern canaille ; remembers all their ancestry, their intermarriages, distant relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national noblesse of words at any time, and in any country. But an uneducated person may know, by memory, many languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any, — not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports ; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person : so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence, will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilized nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing forever.

16. And this is right ; but it is a pity that the accuracy insisted on is not greater, and required to a serious purpose. It is right that a false Latin quantity should excite a smile

in the House of Commons ; but it is wrong that a false English *meaning* should *not* excite a frown there. Let the accent of words be watched ; and closely : let their meaning be watched more closely still, and fewer will do the work. A few words well chosen and distinguished, will do work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting, equivocally, in the function of another. Yes ; and words, if they are not watched, will do deadly work sometimes. There are masked words droning and skulking about us in Europe just now, — (there never were so many, owing to the spread of a shallow, blotching, blundering, infectious “information,” or rather deformation, everywhere, and to the teaching of catechisms and phrases at schools instead of human meanings) — there are masked words abroad, I say, which nobody understands, but which everybody uses, and most people will also fight for, live for, or even die for, fancying they mean this or that, or the other, of things dear to them : for such words wear chameleon cloaks — “groundlion” cloaks, of the color of the ground of any man’s fancy : on that ground they lie in wait, and rend him with a spring from it. There never were creatures of prey so mischievous, never diplomatists so cunning, never poisoners so deadly, as these masked words ; they are the unjust stewards of all men’s ideas : whatever fancy or favorite instinct a man most cherishes, he gives to his favorite masked word to take care of for him ; the word at last comes to have an infinite power over him, — you cannot get at him but by its ministry.

17. And in languages so mongrel in breed as the English, there is a fatal power of equivocation put into men’s hands, almost whether they will or no, in being able to use Greek or Latin words for an idea when they want it to be awful ; and Saxon or otherwise common words when they want it to be vulgar. What a singular and salutary effect, for

instance, would be produced on the minds of people who are in the habit of taking the Form of the "Word" they live by, for the Power of which that Word tells them, if we always either retained, or refused, the Greek form "biblos," or "biblion," as the right expression for "book" — instead of employing it only in the one instance in which we wish to give dignity to the idea, and translating it into English everywhere else. How wholesome it would be for many simple persons, if, in such places (for instance) as Acts xix. 19, we retained the Greek expression, instead of translating it, and they had to read — "Many of them also which used curious arts, brought their bibles together, and burnt them before all men; and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver!" Or if, on the other hand, we translated where we retain it, and always spoke of "The Holy Book," instead of "Holy Bible," it might come into more heads than it does at present, that the Word of God, by which the heavens were, of old, and by which they are now kept in store,¹ cannot be made a present of to anybody in morocco binding; nor sown on any wayside by help either of steam plough or steam press; but is nevertheless being offered to us daily, and by us with contumely refused; and sown in us daily, and by us, as instantly as may be, choked.

18. So, again, consider what effect has been produced on the English vulgar mind by the use of the sonorous Latin form "damno," in translating the Greek *κατακρίνω*, when people charitably wish to make it forcible; and the substitution of the temperate "condemn" for it, when they choose to keep it gentle; and what notable sermons have been preached by illiterate clergymen on — "He that believeth not shall be damned"; though they would shrink with horror from translating Heb. xi. 7, "The saving of his

¹ 2 Peter, iii. 5-7.

house, by which he damned the world"; or John viii. 10, 11, "Woman, hath no man damned thee? She saith, No man, Lord. Jesus answered her, Neither do I damn thee; go and sin no more." And divisions in the mind of Europe, which have cost seas of blood and in the defense of which the noblest souls of men have been cast away in frantic desolation, countless as forest leaves — though, in the heart of them, founded on deeper causes — have nevertheless been rendered practicably possible, namely, by the European adoption of the Greek word for a public meeting, "ecclesia," to give peculiar respectability to such meetings, when held for religious purposes; and other collateral equivocations, such as the vulgar English one of using the word "priest" as a contraction for "presbyter."

19. Now, in order to deal with words rightly, this is the habit you must form. Nearly every word in your language has been first a word of some other language — of Saxon, German, French, Latin, or Greek (not to speak of eastern and primitive dialects). And many words have been all these; — that is to say, have been Greek first, Latin next, French or German next, and English last: undergoing a certain change of sense and use on the lips of each nation; but retaining a deep vital meaning, which all good scholars feel in employing them, even at this day. If you do not know the Greek alphabet, learn it; young or old — girl or boy — whoever you may be, if you think of reading seriously (which, of course, implies that you have some leisure at command), learn your Greek alphabet; then get good dictionaries of all these languages, and whenever you are in doubt about a word, hunt it down patiently. Read Max Müller's lectures thoroughly, to begin with; and, after that, never let a word escape you that looks suspicious. It is severe work; but you will find it, even at first, interesting, and at last, endlessly amusing. And the general gain

to your character, in power and precision, will be quite incalculable.

Mind, this does not imply knowing, or trying to know, Greek or Latin, or French. It takes a whole life to learn any language perfectly. But you can easily ascertain the meanings through which the English word has passed ; and those which in a good writer's work it must still bear.

20. And now, merely for example's sake, I will, with your permission, read a few lines of a true book with you, carefully ; and see what will come out of them. I will take a book perfectly known to you all. No English words are more familiar to us, yet few perhaps have been read with less sincerity. I will take these few following lines of *Lycidas* :

“ Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake ;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain),
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,
‘How well could I have spar’d for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies’ sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold !
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers’ feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest ;
Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn’d aught else, the least
That to the faithful herdsman’s art belongs !
What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped ;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.’ ”

Let us think over this passage, and examine its words.

First, is it not singular to find Milton assigning to St. Peter, not only his full episcopal function, but the very types of it which Protestants usually refuse most passionately? His "mitred" locks! Milton was no Bishop-lover; how comes St. Peter to be "mitred?" "Two massy keys he bore." Is this, then, the power of the keys claimed by the Bishops of Rome, and is it acknowledged here by Milton only in a poetical license, for the sake of its picturesqueness, that he may get the gleam of the golden keys to help his effect? Do not think it. Great men do not play stage tricks with doctrines of life and death: only little men do that. Milton means what he says; and means it with his might too—is going to put the whole strength of his spirit presently into the saying of it. For though not a lover of false bishops, he *was* a lover of true ones; and the Lake-pilot is here, in his thoughts, the type and head of true episcopal power. For Milton reads that text, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven" quite honestly. Puritan though he be, he would not blot it out of the book because there have been bad bishops; nay, in order to understand *him*, we must understand that verse first; it will not do to eye it askance, or whisper it under our breath, as if it were a weapon of an adverse sect. It is a solemn, universal assertion, deeply to be kept in mind by all sects. But perhaps we shall be better able to reason on it if we go on a little farther, and come back to it. For clearly this marked insistence on the power of the true episcopate is to make us feel more weightily what is to be charged against the false claimants of episcopate; or generally, against false claimants of power and rank in the body of the clergy; they who, "for their bellies' sake, creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold."

21. Never think Milton uses those three words to fill up his verse, as a loose writer would. He needs all the three ; specially those three, and no more than those — “creep,” and “intrude,” and “climb” ; no other words would or could serve the turn, and no more could be added. For they exhaustively comprehend the three classes, correspondent to the three characters, of men who dishonestly seek ecclesiastical power. First, those who “*creep*” into the fold ; who do not care for office, nor name, but for secret influence, and do all things occultly and cunningly, consenting to any servility of office or conduct, so only that they may intimately discern, and unawares direct, the minds of men. Then those who “intrude” (thrust, that is) themselves into the fold, who by natural insolence of heart, and stout eloquence of tongue, and fearlessly perseverant self-assertion, obtain hearing and authority with the common crowd. Lastly, those who “climb,” who by labor and learning, both stout and sound, but selfishly exerted in the cause of their own ambition, gain high dignities and authorities, and become “lords over the heritage,” though not “ensamples to the flock.”

22. Now go on : —

“ Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers’ feast.
Blind mouths —”

I pause again, for this is a strange expression ; a broken metaphor, one might think, careless and unscholarly.

Not so : its very audacity and pithiness are intended to make us look close at the phrase and remember it. Those two monosyllables express the precisely accurate contraries of right character, in the two great offices of the Church — those of bishop and pastor.

A “Bishop” means a “person who sees.”

A "Pastor" means a "person who feeds."

The most unbishoply character a man can have is therefore to be Blind.

The most unpastoral is, instead of feeding, to want to be fed, — to be a Mouth.

Take the two reverses together, and you have "blind mouths." We may advisably follow out this idea a little. Nearly all the evils in the Church have arisen from bishops desiring *power* more than *light*. They want authority, not outlook. Whereas their real office it not to rule; though it may be vigorously to exhort and rebuke; it is the king's office to rule; the bishop's office is to *oversee* the flock; to number it, sheep by sheep; to be ready always to give full account of it. Now it is clear he cannot give account of the souls, if he has not so much as numbered the bodies of his flock. The first thing, therefore, that a bishop has to do is at least to put himself in a position in which, at any moment, he can obtain the history, from childhood, of every living soul in his diocese, and of its present state. Down in that back street, Bill and Nancy, knocking each other's teeth out! — Does the bishop know all about it? Has he his eye upon them? Has he *had* his eye upon them? Can he circumstantially explain to us how Bill got into the habit of beating Nancy about the head? If he cannot, he is no bishop, though he had a mitre as high as Salisbury steeple; he is no bishop, — he has sought to be at the helm instead of the masthead; he has no sight of things. "Nay," you say, "it is not his duty to look after Bill in the back street." What! the fat sheep that have full fleeces — you think it is only those he should look after, while (go back to your Milton) "the hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw" (bishops knowing nothing about it) "daily devours apace, and nothing said"?

"But that's not our idea of a bishop."¹ Perhaps not ; but it was St. Paul's ; and it was Milton's. They may be right, or we may be ; but we must not think we are reading either one or the other by putting our meaning into their words.

23. I go on.

"But, swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw."

This is to meet the vulgar answer that "if the poor are not looked after in their bodies, they are in their souls ; they have spiritual food."

And Milton says, "They have no such thing as spiritual food ; they are only swollen with wind." At first you may think that is a coarse type, and an obscure one. But again, it is a quite literally accurate one. Take up your Latin and Greek dictionaries, and find out the meaning of "Spirit." It is only a contraction of the Latin word "breath," and an indistinct translation of the Greek word for "wind." The same word is used in writing, "The wind bloweth where it listeth" ; and in writing, "So is every one that is born of the Spirit" ; born of the *breath*, that is ; for it means the breath of God, in soul and body. We have the true sense of it in our words "inspiration" and "expire." Now, there are two kinds of breath with which the flock may be filled ; God's breath, and man's. The breath of God is health, and life, and peace to them, as the air of heaven is to the flocks on the hills ; but man's breath — the word which *he* calls spiritual, — is disease and contagion to them, as the fog of the fen. They rot inwardly with it ; they are puffed up by it, as a dead body by the vapors of its own decomposition. This is literally true of all false religious teaching ; the first and last, and fatalest sign of it

¹ Compare the 13th Letter in *Time and Tide*.

is that "puffing up." Your converted children, who teach their parents; your converted convicts, who teach honest men; your converted dunces, who, having lived in cretinous stupefaction half their lives, suddenly awakening to the fact of there being a God, fancy themselves therefore His peculiar people and messengers; your sectarians of every species, small and great, Catholic or Protestant, of high church or low, in so far as they think themselves exclusively in the right and others wrong; and preëminently, in every sect, those who hold that men can be saved by thinking rightly instead of doing rightly, by word instead of act, and wish instead of work:—these are the true fog children—clouds, these, without water; bodies, these, of putrescent vapor and skin, without blood or flesh: blown bag-pipes for the fiends to pipe with—corrupt, and corrupting,—“Swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw.”

24. Lastly, let us return to the lines respecting the power of the keys, for now we can understand them. Note the difference between Milton and Dante in their interpretation of this power: for once, the latter is weaker in thought; he supposes *both* the keys to be of the gate of heaven; one is of gold, the other of silver: they are given by St. Peter to the sentinel angel; and it is not easy to determine the meaning either of the substances of the three steps of the gate, or of the two keys. But Milton makes one, of gold, the key of heaven; the other, of iron, the key of the prison in which the wicked teachers are to be bound who “have taken away the key of knowledge, yet entered not in themselves.”

We have seen that the duties of bishop and pastor are to see and feed; and, of all who do so it is said, “He that watereth, shall be watered also himself.” But the reverse is truth also. He that watereth not, shall be *withered* himself, and he that seeth not, shall himself be shut out of

sight, — shut into the perpetual prison-house. And that prison opens here, as well as hereafter : he who is to be bound in heaven must first be bound on earth. That command to the strong angels, of which the rock-apostle is the image, “Take him, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him out,” issues, in its measure, against the teacher, for every help withheld, and for every truth refused, and for every falsehood enforced ; so that he is more strictly fettered the more he fetters, and farther outcast, as he more and more misleads, till at last the bars of the iron cage close upon him, and as “the golden opes, the iron shuts amain.”

25. We have got something out of the lines, I think, and much more is yet to be found in them ; but we have done enough by way of example of the kind of word-by-word examination of your author which is rightly called “reading” ; watching every accent and expression, and putting ourselves always in the author’s place, annihilating our own personality, and seeking to enter into his, so as to be able assuredly to say, “Thus Milton thought,” not “Thus *I* thought, in mis-reading Milton.” And by this process you will gradually come to attach less weight to your own “Thus I thought” at other times. You will begin to perceive that what *you* thought was a matter of no serious importance ; — that your thoughts on any subject are not perhaps the clearest and wisest that could be arrived at thereupon : — in fact, that unless you are a very singular person, you cannot be said to have any “thoughts” at all ; that you have no materials for them, in any serious matters ;¹ — no right to “think,” but only to try to learn more of the facts. Nay, most probably all your life (unless, as I said, you are a

¹ Modern “Education” for the most part signifies giving people the faculty of thinking wrong on every conceivable subject of importance to them.

singular person) you will have no legitimate right to an "opinion" on any business, except that instantly under your hand. What must of necessity be done, you can always find out, beyond question, how to do. Have you a house to keep in order, a commodity to sell, a field to plough, a ditch to cleanse? There need be no two opinions about these proceedings; it is at your peril if you have not much more than an "opinion" on the way to manage such matters. And also, outside of your own business, there are one or two subjects on which you are bound to have but one opinion. That roguery and lying are objectionable, and are instantly to be flogged out of the way whenever discovered;—that covetousness and love of quarreling are dangerous dispositions even in children, and deadly dispositions in men and nations;—that in the end, the God of heaven and earth loves active, modest, and kind people, and hates idle, proud, greedy, and cruel ones;—on these general facts you are bound to have but one and that a very strong, opinion. For the rest, respecting religions, governments, sciences, arts, you will find that, on the whole, you can know NOTHING, — judge nothing; that the best you can do, even though you may be a well-educated person, is to be silent, and strive to be wiser every day, and to understand a little more of the thoughts of others, which so soon as you try to do honestly, you will discover that the thoughts even of the wisest are very little more than pertinent questions. To put the difficulty into a clear shape, and exhibit to you the grounds for *indecision*, that is all they can generally do for you!—and well for them and for us, if indeed they are able "to mix the music with our thoughts, and sadden us with heavenly doubts." This writer, from whom I have been reading to you, is not among the first or wisest: he sees shrewdly as far as he sees, and therefore it is easy to find out his full meaning; but with the greater

men, you cannot fathom their meaning ; they do not even wholly measure it themselves, — it is so wide. Suppose I had asked you, for instance, to seek for Shakespeare's opinion, instead of Milton's, on this matter of Church authority? — or for Dante's? Have any of you, at this instant, the least idea what either thought about it? Have you ever balanced the scene with the bishops in Richard III. against the character of Cranmer? the description of St. Francis and St. Dominic against that of him who made Virgil wonder to gaze upon him, — “disteso, tanto vilmente, nell' eterno esilio”; or of him whom Dante stood beside, “come 'l frate che confessa lo perfido assassin?”¹ Shakespeare and Alighieri knew men better than most of us, I presume! They were both in the midst of the main struggle between the temporal and spiritual powers. They had an opinion, we may guess. But where is it? Bring it into court! Put Shakespeare's or Dante's creed into articles, and send *it* up for trial by the Ecclesiastical Courts!

26. You will not be able, I tell you again, for many and many a day, to come at the real purposes and teaching of these great men ; but a very little honest study of them will enable you to perceive that what you took for your own “judgment” was mere chance prejudice, and drifted, helpless, entangled weed of castaway thought : nay, you will see that most men's minds are indeed little better than rough heath wilderness, neglected and stubborn, partly barren, partly overgrown with pestilent brakes, and venomous, wind-sown herbage of evil surmise ; that the first thing you have to do for them, and yourself, is eagerly and scornfully to set fire to *this* ; burn all the jungle into wholesome ash heaps, and then plough and sow. All the true literary work before you, for life, must begin with obedience to that order, “Break up your fallow ground, and *sow not among thorns.*”

¹ Inf. xxiii. 125, 126; xix. 49, 50.

27. II.¹—Having then faithfully listened to the great teachers, that you may enter into their Thoughts, you have yet this higher advance to make ; — you have to enter into their Hearts. As you go to them first for clear sight, so you must stay with them, that you may share at last their just and mighty Passion. Passion, or “sensation.” I am not afraid of the word ; still less of the thing. You have heard many outcries against sensation lately ; but, I can tell you, it is not less sensation we want, but more. The ennobling difference between one man and another, — between one animal and another, — is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensation might not be easily got for us ; if we were earth-worms, liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensation might not be good for us. But, being human creatures, *it is* good for us ; nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honor is precisely in proportion to our passion.

28. You know I said of that great and pure society of the dead, that it would allow “no vain or vulgar person to enter there.” What do you think I meant by a “vulgar” person? What do you yourselves mean by “vulgarity”? You will find it a fruitful subject of thought ; but, briefly, the essence of all vulgarity lies in want of sensation. Simple and innocent vulgarity is merely an untrained and undeveloped bluntness of body and mind ; but in true inbred vulgarity, there is a deathful callousness, which, in extremity, becomes capable of every sort of bestial habit and crime, without fear, without pleasure, without horror, and without pity. It is in the blunt hand and the dead heart, in the diseased habit, in the hardened conscience, that men become vulgar ; they are forever vulgar, precisely in proportion as they are incapable of sympathy, — of quick

¹ Compare ¶ 13 above.

understanding, — of all that, in deep insistence on the common, but most accurate term, may be called the “tact” or “touch-faculty” of body and soul; that tact which the *Mimosa* has in trees, which the pure woman has above all creatures; — fineness and fullness of sensation beyond reason; — the guide and sanctifier of reason itself. Reason can but determine what is true: — it is the God-given passion of humanity which alone can recognize what God has made good.

29. We come then to the great concourse of the Dead, not merely to know from them what is True, but chiefly to feel with them what is just. Now, to feel with them, we must be like them; and none of us can become that without pains. As the true knowledge is disciplined and tested knowledge, — not the first thought that comes, — so the true passion is disciplined and tested passion, — not the first passion that comes. The first that come are the vain, the false, the treacherous; if you yield to them they will lead you wildly and far in vain pursuit, in hollow enthusiasm, till you have no true purpose and no true passion left. Not that any feeling possible to humanity is in itself wrong, but only wrong when undisciplined. Its nobility is in its force and justice; it is wrong when it is weak, and felt for paltry cause. There is a mean wonder, as of a child who sees a juggler tossing golden balls, and this is base, if you will. But do you think that the wonder is ignoble, or the sensation less, with which every human soul is called to watch the golden balls of heaven tossed through the night by the Hand that made them? There is a mean curiosity, as of a child opening a forbidden door, or a servant prying into her master's business; — and a noble curiosity, questioning, in the front of danger, the source of the great river beyond the sand, — the place of the great continents beyond the sea; — a nobler curiosity still, which questions of the source of

the River of Life, and of the space of the Continent of Heaven,—things which “the angels desire to look into.” So the anxiety is ignoble, with which you linger over the course and catastrophe of an idle tale; but do you think the anxiety is less, or greater, with which you watch, or *ought* to watch, the dealings of fate and destiny with the life of an agonized nation? Alas! it is the narrowness, selfishness, minuteness, of your sensation that you have to deplore in England at this day;—sensation which spends itself in bouquets and speeches; in revelings and junketings; in sham fights and gay puppet shows, while you can look on and see noble nations murdered, man by man, without an effort or a tear.

30. I said “minuteness” and “selfishness” of sensation, but in a word, I ought to have said “injustice” or “unrighteousness” of sensation. For as in nothing is a gentleman better to be discerned from a vulgar person, so in nothing is a gentle nation (such nations have been) better to be discerned from a mob, than in this,—that their feelings are constant and just, results of due contemplation, and of equal thought. You can talk a mob into anything; its feelings may be—usually are—on the whole, generous and right; but it has no foundation for them, no hold of them; you may tease or tickle it into any, at your pleasure; it thinks by infection, for the most part, catching an opinion like a cold, and there is nothing so little that it will not roar itself wild about, when the fit is on;—nothing so great but it will forget in an hour, when the fit is past. But a gentleman’s or a gentle nation’s, passions are just, measured and continuous. A great nation, for instance, does not spend its entire national wits for a couple of months in weighing evidence of a single ruffian’s having done a single murder; and for a couple of years see its own children murder each other by their thousands or tens

of thousands a day, considering only what the effect is likely to be on the price of cotton, and caring nowise to determine which side of battle is in the wrong. Neither does a great nation send its poor little boys to jail for stealing six walnuts; and allow its bankrupts to steal their hundreds or thousands with a bow, and its bankers, rich with poor men's savings, to close their doors "under circumstances over which they have no control," with a "by your leave"; and large landed estates to be bought by men who have made their money by going with armed steamers up and down the China Seas, selling opium at the cannon's mouth, and altering, for the benefit of the foreign nation, the common highwayman's demand of "your money *or* your life," into that of "your money *and* your life." Neither does a great nation allow the lives of its innocent poor to be parched out of them by fog fever, and rotted out of them by dunghill plague, for the sake of sixpence a life extra per week to its landlords;¹ and then debate, with driveling tears, and diabolical sympathies, whether it ought not piously to save, and nursingly cherish, the lives of its murderers. Also, a great nation having made up its mind that hanging is quite the wholesomest process for its homicides in general, can yet with mercy distinguish between the degrees of guilt in homicides; and does not yelp like a pack of frost-pinched wolf-cubs on the blood-track of an unhappy crazed boy, or gray-haired clodpate Othello, "perplexed i' the extreme," at the very moment that it is sending a Minister of the Crown to make polite speeches to a man who is bayoneting young girls in their father's sight, and killing noble youths in cool blood, faster than a country butcher kills lambs in

¹ See note at end of lecture. I have put it in large type, because the course of matters since it was written has made it perhaps better worth attention.

spring. And, lastly, a great nation does not mock Heaven and its Powers, by pretending belief in a revelation which asserts the love of money to be the root of *all* evil, and declaring, at the same time, that it is actuated, and intends to be actuated, in all chief national deeds and measures, by no other love.

31. My friends, I do not know why any of us should talk about reading. We want some sharper discipline than that of reading; but, at all events, be assured, we cannot read. No reading is possible for a people with its mind in this state. No sentence of any great writer is intelligible to them. It is simply and sternly impossible for the English public, at this moment, to understand any thoughtful writing,—so incapable of thought has it become in its insanity of avarice. Happily, our disease is, as yet, little worse than this incapacity of thought; it is not corruption of the inner nature; we ring true still, when anything strikes home to us; and though the idea that everything should “pay” has infected our every purpose so deeply, that even when we would play the good Samaritan, we never take out our twopence and give them to the host, without saying, “When I come again, thou shalt give me fourpence,” there is a capacity of noble passion left in our hearts’ core. We show it in our work,—in our war,—even in those unjust domestic affections which make us furious at a small private wrong, while we are polite to a boundless public one: we are still industrious to the last hour of the day, though we add the gambler’s fury to the laborer’s patience; we are still brave to the death, though incapable of discerning true cause for battle; and are still true in affection to our own flesh, to the death, as the sea-monsters are, and the rock-eagles. And there is hope for a nation while this can be still said of it. As long as it holds its life in its hand, ready to give it for its honor

(though a foolish honor), for its love (though a selfish love), and for its business (though a base business), there is hope for it. But hope only; for this instinctive, reckless virtue cannot last. No nation can last, which has made a mob of itself, however generous at heart. It must discipline its passions, and direct them, or they will discipline *it*, one day, with scorpion whips. Above all, a nation cannot last as a money-making mob : it cannot with impunity, — it cannot with existence, — go on despising literature, despising science, despising art, despising nature, despising compassion, and concentrating its soul on Pence. Do you think these are harsh or wild words? Have patience with me but a little longer. I will prove their truth to you, clause by clause.

32. I. — I say first we have despised literature. What do we, as a nation, care about books? How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses? If a man spends lavishly on his library, you call him mad — a bibliomaniac. But you never call any one a horse-maniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books. Or, to go lower still, how much do you think the contents of the book-shelves of the United Kingdom, public and private, would fetch, as compared with the contents of its wine-cellars? What position would its expenditure on literature take, as compared with its expenditure on luxurious eating? We talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body; now a good book contains such food inexhaustibly; it is a provision for life, and for the best part of us; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it! though there have been men who have pinched their stomachs and bared their backs, to buy a book, whose libraries were cheaper to them, I think, in the end, than

most men's dinners are. We are few of us put to such trial, and more the pity; for, indeed, a precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy; and if public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading, as well as in munching and sparkling; whereas the very cheapness of literature is making even wise people forget that if a book is worth reading, it is worth buying. No book is worth anything which is not worth *much*; nor is it serviceable, until it has been read, and reread, and loved, and loved again; and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store. Bread of flour is good: but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book; and the family must be poor indeed which, once in their lives, cannot, for such multipliable barley-loaves, pay their baker's bill. We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries!

33. II.—I say we have despised science. "What!" you exclaim, "are we not foremost in all discovery,¹ and is not the whole world giddy by reason, or unreason, of our inventions?" Yes; but do you suppose that is national work? That work is all done *in spite of* the nation; by private people's zeal and money. We are glad enough, indeed, to make our profit of science; we snap up anything in the way of a scientific bone that has meat on it, eagerly enough; but if the scientific man comes for a bone or a crust to *us*, that is another story. What have we publicly

¹ Since this was written, the answer has become definitely—No; we have surrendered the field of Arctic discovery to the Continental nations, as being ourselves too poor to pay for ships.

done for science? We are obliged to know what o'clock it is, for the safety of our ships, and therefore we pay for an observatory; and we allow ourselves, in the person of our Parliament, to be annually tormented into doing something, in a slovenly way, for the British Museum; sullenly apprehending that to be a place for keeping stuffed birds in, to amuse our children. If anybody will pay for his own telescope, and resolve another nebula, we cackle over the discernment as if it were our own; if one in ten thousand of our hunting squires suddenly perceives that the earth was indeed made to be something else than a portion for foxes, and burrows in it himself, and tells us where the gold is, and where the coals, we understand that there is some use in that; and very properly knight him: but is the accident of his having found out how to employ himself usefully any credit to *us*? (The negation of such discovery among his brother squires may perhaps be some *discredit* to us, if we would consider of it.) But if you doubt these generalities, here is one fact for us all to meditate upon, illustrative of our love of science. Two years ago there was a collection of the fossils of Solenhofen to be sold in Bavaria; the best in existence, containing many specimens unique for perfectness, and one, unique as an example of a species (a whole kingdom of unknown living creatures being announced by that fossil). This collection, of which the mere market worth, among private buyers, would probably have been some thousand or twelve hundred pounds, was offered to the English nation for seven hundred: but we would not give seven hundred, and the whole series would have been in the Munich Museum at this moment, if Professor Owen¹

¹ I state this fact without Professor Owen's permission: which of course he could not with propriety have granted, had I asked it; but I consider it so important that the public should be aware of the fact that I do what seems to be right though rude.

had not, with loss of his own time, and patient tormenting of the British public in person of its representatives, got leave to give four hundred pounds at once, and himself become answerable for the other three! which the said public will doubtless pay him eventually, but sulkily, and caring nothing about the matter all the while; only always ready to cackle if any credit comes of it. Consider, I beg of you, arithmetically, what this fact means. Your annual expenditure for public purposes (a third of it for military apparatus), is at least fifty millions. Now 700*l.* is to 50,000,000*l.* roughly, as seven pence to two thousand pounds. Suppose then, a gentleman of unknown income, but whose wealth was to be conjectured from the fact that he spent two thousand a year on his park-walls and footmen only, professes himself fond of science; and that one of his servants comes eagerly to tell him that an unique collection of fossils, giving clue to a new era of creation, is to be had for the sum of seven pence sterling; and that the gentleman, who is fond of science, and spends two thousand a year on his park, answers, after keeping his servant waiting several months, "Well! I'll give you four pence for them, if you will be answerable for the extra three pence yourself, till next year!"

34. III.—I say you have despised Art! "What!" you again answer, "have we not Art exhibitions, miles long? and do we not pay thousands of pounds for single pictures? and have we not Art schools and institutions, more than ever nation had before?" Yes, truly, but all that is for the sake of the shop. You would fain sell canvas as well as coals, and crockery as well as iron; you would take every other nation's bread out of its mouth if you could;¹ not

¹ That was our real idea of "Free Trade"—"All the trade to myself." You find now that by "competition" other people can manage to sell something as well as you—and now we call for Protection again. Wretches!

being able to do that, your ideal of life is to stand in the thoroughfares of the world, like Ludgate apprentices, screaming to every passer-by, "What d'ye lack?" You know nothing of your own faculties or circumstances; you fancy that, among your damp, flat fields of clay, you can have as quick art-fancy as the Frenchman among his bronzed vines, or the Italian under his volcanic cliffs;—that art may be learned as book-keeping is, and when learned, will give you more books to keep. You care for pictures, absolutely, no more than you do for the bills pasted on your dead walls. There is always room on the walls for the bills to be read,—never for the pictures to be seen. You do not know what pictures you have (by repute) in the country, nor whether they are false or true, nor whether they are taken care of or not; in foreign countries, you calmly see the noblest existing pictures in the world rotting in abandoned wreck — (in Venice you saw the Austrian guns deliberately pointed at the palaces containing them), and if you heard that all the fine pictures in Europe were made into sand-bags to-morrow on the Austrian forts, it would not trouble you so much as the chance of a brace or two of game less in you own bags, in a day's shooting. That is your national love of Art.

35. IV.—You have despised Nature; that is to say, all the deep and sacred sensations of natural scenery. The French revolutionists made stables of the cathedrals of France; you have made race-courses of the cathedrals of the earth. Your *one* conception of pleasure is to drive in railroad carriages round their aisles, and eat off their altars.¹ You have put a railroad bridge over the fall of Schaffhausen.

¹ I meant that the beautiful places of the world — Switzerland, Italy, South Germany, and so on — are, indeed, the truest cathedrals — places to be reverent in, and to worship in; and that we only care to drive through them; and to eat and drink at their most sacred places.

You have tunneled the cliffs of Lucerne by Tell's chapel ; you have destroyed the Clarens shore of the Lake of Geneva ; there is not a quiet valley in England that you have not filled with bellowing fire ; there is no particle left of English land which you have not trampled coal ashes into¹—nor any foreign city in which the spread of your presence is not marked among its fair old streets and happy gardens by a consuming white leprosy of new hotels and perfumers' shops : the Alps themselves, which your own poets used to love so reverently, you look upon as soaped poles in a bear-garden, which you set yourselves to climb, and slide down again, with "shrieks of delight." When you are past shrieking, having no human articulate voice to say you are glad with, you fill the quietude of their valleys with gunpowder blasts, and rush home, red with cutaneous eruption of conceit, and voluble with convulsive hiccough of self-satisfaction. I think nearly the two sorrowfullest spectacles I have ever seen in humanity, taking the deep inner significance of them, are the English mobs in the valley of Chamouni, amusing themselves with firing rusty howitzers ; and the Swiss vintagers of Zurich expressing their Christian thanks for the gift of the vine, by assembling in knots in the "towers of the vineyards," and slowly loading and firing horse-pistols from morning till evening. It is pitiful to have dim conceptions of beauty ; more pitiful, it seems to me, to have conceptions like these, of mirth.

36. Lastly. You despise compassion. There is no need of words of mine for proof of this. I will merely print one of the newspaper paragraphs which I am in the habit of cutting out and throwing into my store-drawer ; here is one

¹ I was singularly struck, some years ago, by finding all the river shore at Richmond, in Yorkshire, black in its earth, from the mere drift of soot-laden air from places many miles away.

from a *Daily Telegraph* of an early date this year (1867) (date which, though by me carelessly left unmarked, is easily discoverable; for on the back of the slip, there is the announcement that “yesterday the seventh of the special services of this year was performed by the Bishop of Ripon in St. Paul’s”); it relates only one of such facts as happen now daily; this, by chance, having taken a form in which it came before the coroner. I will print the paragraph in red. Be sure, the facts themselves are written in that color in a book which we shall all of us, literate or illiterate, have to read our page of, some day.

“An inquiry was held on Friday by Mr. Richards, deputy coroner, at the White Horse Tavern, Christ Church, Spitalfields, respecting the death of Michael Collins, aged 58 years. Mary Collins, a miserable-looking woman, said that she lived with the deceased and his son in a room at 2, Cobb’s court, Christ Church. Deceased was a ‘translator’ of boots. Witness went out and bought old boots; deceased and his son made them into good ones, and then witness sold them for what she could get at the shops, which was very little indeed. Deceased and his son used to work night and day to try and get a little bread and tea, and pay for the room (2s. a week), so as to keep the home together. On Friday night week, deceased got up from his bench and began to shiver. He threw down the boots, saying, ‘Somebody else must finish them when I am gone, for I can do no more.’ There was no fire, and he said, ‘I would be better if I was warm.’ Witness therefore took two pairs of translated boots¹ to sell at the shop, but she could only get 14d. for the two pairs, for the people at the shop said, ‘We must have our profit.’ Witness got 14lbs. of coal and a little

¹ One of the things which we must very resolutely enforce, for the good of all classes, in our future arrangements, must be that they wear no “translated” articles of dress.

tea and bread. Her son sat up the whole night to make the 'translations,' to get money, but deceased died on Saturday morning. The family never had enough to eat.—Coroner: 'It seems to me deplorable that you did not go into the workhouse.' Witness: 'We wanted the comforts of our little home.' A juror asked what the comforts were, for he only saw a little straw in the corner of the room, the windows of which were broken. The witness began to cry, and said that they had a quilt and other little things. The deceased said he never would go into the workhouse. In summer, when the season was good, they sometimes made as much as 10s. profit in the week. They then always saved towards the next week, which was generally a bad one. In winter they made not half so much. For three years they had been getting from bad to worse.—Cornelius Collins said that he had assisted his father since 1847. They used to work so far into the night that both nearly lost their eyesight. Witness now had a film over his eyes. Five years ago deceased applied to the parish for aid. The relieving officer gave him a 4-lb. loaf, and told him if he came again he should 'get the stones.'¹ That disgusted

¹ This abbreviation of the penalty of useless labor is curiously coincident in verbal form with a certain passage which some of us may remember. It may, perhaps, be well to preserve beside this paragraph another cutting out of my store-drawer, from the *Morning Post*, of about a parallel date, Friday, March 10th, 1865:—"The *salons* of Mme. C—, who did the honors with clever imitative grace and elegance, were crowded with princes, dukes, marquises, and counts—in fact, with the same *male* company as one meets at the parties of the Princess Metternich and Madame Drouyn de Lhuys. Some English peers and members of Parliament were present, and appeared to enjoy the animated and dazzlingly improper scene. On the second floor the supper-tables were loaded with every delicacy of the season. That your readers may form some idea of the dainty fare of the Parisian demi-monde, I copy the menu of the supper, which was served to all the guests (about 200) seated at four o'clock. Choice Yquem, Johannisberg, Laf-

deceased, and he would have nothing to do with them since. They got worse and worse until last Friday week, when they had not even a halfpenny to buy a candle. Deceased then lay down on the straw, and said he could not live till morning. — A juror: ‘You are dying of starvation yourself, and you ought to go into the house until the summer.’ Witness: ‘If we went in we should die. When we come out in the summer we should be like people dropped from the sky. No one would know us, and we would not have even a room. I could work now if I had food, for my sight would get better.’ Dr. G. P. Walker said deceased died from syncope, from exhaustion, from want of food. The deceased had had no bed-clothes. For four months he had had nothing but bread to eat. There was not a particle of fat in the body. There was no disease, but if there had been medical attendance, he might have survived the syncope or fainting. The coroner having remarked upon the painful nature of the case, the jury returned the following verdict: ‘That deceased died from exhaustion, from want of food and the common necessities of life; also through want of medical aid.’ ”

37. “Why would witness not go into the workhouse?” you ask. Well, the poor seem to have a prejudice against the workhouse which the rich have not; for, of course, every

fitte, Tokay, and Champagne of the finest vintages were served most lavishly throughout the morning. After supper dancing was resumed with increased animation, and the ball terminated with a *chaîne diabolique* and a *cancan d'enfer* at seven in the morning. (Morning-service — ‘Ere the fresh lawns appeared, under the opening eyelids of the Morn.’) Here is the menu: — ‘Consommé de volaille à la Bagation; 16 hors-d'œuvres variés. Bouchées à la Talleyrand. Saumons froids, sauce Ravigote. Filets de bœuf en Bellevue, timbales milanaises chaudfroid de gibier. Dindes truffées. Pâtés de foies gras, buissons d'écrevisses, salades vénétiennes, gelées blanches aux fruits, gateaux mancini, parisiens et parisiennes. Fromages glacés, Ananas. Dessert.”

one who takes a pension from Government goes into the workhouse on a grand scale ;¹ only the workhouses for the rich do not involve the idea of work, and should be called play-houses. But the poor like to die independently, it appears ; perhaps if we made the play-houses for them pretty and pleasant enough, or gave them their pensions at home, and allowed them a little introductory speculation with the public money, their minds might be reconciled to the conditions. Meantime, here are the facts : we make our relief either so insulting to them, or so painful, that they rather die than take it at our hands ; or, for third alternative, we leave them so untaught and foolish that they starve like brute creatures, wild and dumb, not knowing what to do, or what to ask. I say, you despise compassion ; if you did not, such a newspaper paragraph would be as impossible in a Christian country as a deliberate assassination permitted in its public streets.² “Christian” did I say? Alas,

¹ Please observe this statement, and think of it, and consider how it happens that a poor old woman will be ashamed to take a shilling a week from the country—but no one is ashamed to take a pension of a thousand a year.

² I am heartily glad to see such a paper as the *Pull Mall Gazette* established ; for the power of the press in the hands of highly-educated men, in independent position, and of honest purpose, may, indeed, become all that it has been hitherto vainly vaunted to be. Its editor will, therefore, I doubt not, pardon me, in that, by very reason of my respect for the journal, I do not let pass unnoticed an article in its third number, page 5, which was wrong in every word of it, with the intense wrongness which only an honest man can achieve who has taken a false turn of thought in the outset, and is following it, regardless of consequences. It contained at the end this notable passage:—

“The bread of affliction, and the water of affliction—aye, and the bedsteads and blankets of affliction, are the very utmost that the law ought to give to *outcasts merely as outcasts*.” I merely put beside this expression of the gentlemanly mind of England in 1865, a part of the message which Isaiah was ordered to “lift up his voice like a trumpet” in

if we were but wholesomely *un-Christian*, it would be impossible ; it is our imaginary Christianity that helps us to commit these crimes, for we revel and luxuriate in our faith, for the lewd sensation of it ; dressing *it* up, like everything else, in fiction. The dramatic Christianity of the organ and aisle, of dawn-service and twilight-revival—the Christianity which we do not fear to mix the mockery of, pictorially, with our play about the devil, in our Satanellas, — Roberts, — Fausts ; chanting hymns through traceried windows for back-ground effect, and artistically modulating the “Dio” through variation on variation of mimicked prayer (while we distribute tracts, next day, for the benefit of uncultivated swearers, upon what we suppose to be the signification of the Third Commandment) ;—this gas-lighted, and gas-inspired, Christianity, we are triumphant in, and draw back the hem of our robes from the touch of the heretics who dispute it. But to do a piece of common Christian righteousness in a plain English word or deed ; to make Christian

declaring to the gentlemen of his day : “Ye fast for strife, and to smite with the fist of wickedness. Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor *that are cast out* (margin ‘afflicted’) *to thy house.*” The falsehood on which the writer had mentally founded himself, as previously stated by him, was this : “To confound the functions of the dispensers of the poor-rates with those of the dispensers of a charitable institution is a great and pernicious error.” This sentence is so accurately and exquisitely wrong, that its substance must be thus reversed in our minds before we can deal with any existing problem of national distress. “To understand that the dispensers of the poor-rates are the almoners of the nation, and should distribute its alms with a gentleness and freedom of hand as much greater and franker than that possible to individual charity, as the collective national wisdom and power may be supposed greater than those of any single person, is the foundation of all law respecting pauperism.” (Since this was written the *Pall Mall Gazette* has become a mere party paper—like the rest ; but it writes well, and does more good than mischief on the whole.)

law any rule of life, and found one National act or hope thereon,—we know too well what our faith comes to for that ! You might sooner get lightning out of incense smoke than true action or passion out of your modern English religion. You had better get rid of the smoke, and the organ-pipes, both ; leave them, and the Gothic windows, and the painted glass, to the property-man ; give up your carburetted hydrogen ghost in one healthy expiration, and look after Lazarus at the door-step. For there is a true Church wherever one hand meets another helpfully, and that is the only holy or Mother Church which ever was, or ever shall be.

38. All these pleasures, then, and all these virtues, I repeat, you nationally despise. You have, indeed, men among you who do not ; by whose work, by whose strength, by whose life, by whose death, you live, and never thank them. Your wealth, your amusement, your pride, would all be alike impossible, but for those whom you scorn or forget. The policeman, who is walking up and down the black lane all night to watch the guilt you have created there, and may have his brains beaten out, and be maimed for life, at any moment, and never be thanked ; the sailor wrestling with the sea's rage ; the quiet student poring over his book or his vial ; the common worker, without praise, and nearly without bread, fulfilling his task as your horses drag your carts, hopeless, and spurned of all ; these are the men by whom England lives ; but they are not the nation ; they are only the body and nervous force of it, acting still from old habit in a convulsive perseverance, while the mind is gone. Our National wish and purpose are to be amused ; our National religion is the performance of church ceremonies, and preaching of soporific truths (or untruths) to keep the mob quietly at work, while we amuse ourselves ; and the necessity for this amusement is fastening on us as a feverous

disease of parched throat and wandering eyes — senseless, dissolute, merciless.¹

39. When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the color-petals out of a fruitful flower ; — when they are faithfully helpful and compassionate, all their emotions become steady, deep, perpetual, and vivifying to the soul as the natural pulse of the body. But now, having no true business, we pour our whole masculine energy into the false business of money-making ; and having no true emotion, we must have false emotions dressed up for us to play with, not innocently, as children with dolls, but guiltily and darkly, as the idolatrous Jews with their pictures on cavern walls, which men had to dig to detect. The justice we do not execute, we mimic in the novel and on the stage ; for the beauty we destroy in nature, we substitute the metamorphosis of the pantomime, and (the human nature of us imperatively requiring awe and sorrow of *some* kind) for the noble grief we should have borne with our fellows, and the pure tears we should have wept with them, we gloat over the pathos of the police court, and gather the night-dew of the grave.

40. It is difficult to estimate the true significance of these things ; the facts are frightful enough ; — the measure of national fault involved in them is, perhaps, not as great as it would at first seem. We permit, or cause, thousands of deaths daily, but we mean no harm ; we set fire to houses, and ravage peasants' fields ; yet we should be sorry to find we had injured anybody. We are still kind at heart ; still capable of virtue, but only as children are. Chalmers, at the end of his long life, having had much power with the public, being plagued in some serious matter by a reference

¹ How literally that word *Dis-Ease* ; the Negation and impossibility of Ease, expresses the entire moral state of our English Industry and its Amusements.

to "public opinion," uttered the impatient exclamation, "The public is just a great baby!" And the reason that I have allowed all these graver subjects of thought to mix themselves up with an inquiry into methods of reading, is that, the more I see of our national faults and miseries, the more they resolve themselves into conditions of childish illiterateness, and want of education in the most ordinary habits of thought. It is, I repeat, not vice, not selfishness, not dullness of brain, which we have to lament; but an unreachable schoolboy's recklessness, only differing from the true schoolboy's in its incapacity of being helped, because it acknowledges no master.

41. There is a curious type of us given in one of the lovely, neglected works of the last of our great painters. It is a drawing of Kirkby Lonsdale churchyard, and of its brook, and valley, and hills, and folded morning sky beyond. And unmindful alike of these, and of the dead who have left these for other valleys and for other skies, a group of schoolboys have piled their little books upon a grave, to strike them off with stones. So, also, we play with the words of the dead that would teach us, and strike them far from us with our bitter, reckless will; little thinking that those leaves which the wind scatters had been piled, not only upon a gravestone, but upon the seal of an enchanted vault — nay, the gate of a great city of sleeping kings, who would awake for us, and walk with us, if we knew but how to call them by their names. How often, even if we lift the marble entrance gate, do we but wander among those old kings in their repose, and finger the robes they lie in, and stir the crowns on their foreheads; and still they are silent to us, and seem but a dusty imagery; because we know not the incantation of the heart that would wake them; — which, if they once heard, they would start up to meet us in their power of long ago, narrowly to look upon us, and consider

us; and, as the fallen kings of Hades meet the newly fallen, saying, "Art thou also become weak as we — art thou also become one of us?" so would these kings, with their undimmed, unshaken diadems, meet us, saying, "Art thou also become pure and mighty of heart as we? art thou also become one of us?"

42. Mighty of heart, mighty of mind — "magnanimous" — to be this, is, indeed, to be great in life; to become this increasingly, is, indeed, to "advance in life," — in life itself — not in the trappings of it. My friends, do you remember that old Scythian custom, when the head of a house died? How he was dressed in his finest dress, and set in his chariot, and carried about to his friends' houses; and each of them placed him at his table's head, and all feasted in his presence? Suppose it were offered to you, in plain words, as it *is* offered to you in dire facts, that you should gain this Scythian honor, gradually, while you yet thought yourself alive. Suppose the offer were this: You shall die slowly; your blood shall daily grow cold, your flesh petrify, your heart beat at last only as a rusted group of iron valves. Your life shall fade from you, and sink through the earth into the ice of Caina; but, day by day, your body shall be dressed more gaily, and set in higher chariots, and have more orders on its breast — crowns on its head, if you will. Men shall bow before it, stare and shout round it, crowd after it up and down the streets; build palaces for it, feast with it at their tables' heads all the night long; your soul shall stay enough within it to know what they do, and feel the weight of the golden dress on its shoulders, and the furrow of the crown-edge on the skull; — no more. Would you take the offer, verbally made by the death-angel? Would the meanest among us take it, think you? Yet practically and verily we grasp at it, every one of us, in a measure; many of us grasp at it in

its fullness of horror. Every man accepts it, who desires to advance in life without knowing what life is ; who means only that he is to get more horses, and more footmen, and more fortune, and more public honor, and — *not* more personal soul. He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into Living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth — they, and they only. All other kingships, so far as they are true, are only the practical issue and expression of theirs; if less than this, they are either dramatic royalties, — costly shows, set off, indeed, with real jewels instead of tinsel, — but still only the toys of nations ; or else, they are no royalties at all, but tyrannies, or the mere active and practical issue of national folly ; for which reason I have said of them elsewhere, “Visible governments are the toys of some nations, the diseases of others, the harness of some, the burdens of more.”

43. But I have no words for the wonder with which I hear Kinghood still spoken of, even among thoughtful men, as if governed nations were a personal property, and might be bought and sold, or otherwise acquired, as sheep, of whose flesh their king was to feed, and whose fleece he was to gather ; as if Achilles' indignant epithet of base kings, “people-eating,” were the constant and proper title of all monarchs; and enlargement of a king's dominion meant the same thing as the increase of a private man's estate ! Kings who think so, however powerful, can no more be the true kings of the nation than gad-flies are the kings of a horse ; they suck it, and may drive it wild, but do not guide it. They, and their courts, and their armies are, if one could see clearly, only a large species of marsh mosquito, with bayonet proboscis and melodious, band-mastered, trumpeting in the summer air ; the twilight being, perhaps, some-

times fairer, but hardly more wholesome, for its glittering mists of midge companies. The true kings, meanwhile, rule quietly, if at all, and hate ruling; too many of them make "il gran rifiuto"¹; and if they do not, the mob, as soon as they are likely to become useful to it, is pretty sure to make *its* "gran rifiuto" of *them*.

44. Yet the visible king may also be a true one, some day, if ever day comes when he will estimate his dominion by the *force* of it,—not the geographical boundaries. It matters very little whether Trent cuts you a cantel out here, or Rhine rounds you a castle less there. But it does matter to you, king of men, whether you can verily say to this man, "Go," and he goeth; and to another, "Come," and he cometh. Whether you can turn your people, as you can Trent—and where it is that you bid them come, and where go. It matters to you, king of men, whether your people hate you, and die by you, or love you, and live by you. You may measure your dominion by multitudes better than by miles; and count degrees of love latitude, not from, but to, a wonderfully warm and infinite equator.

45. Measure! nay, you cannot measure. Who shall measure the difference between the power of those who "do and teach," and who are greatest in the kingdoms of earth, as of heaven—and the power of those who undo, and consume—whose power, at the fullest, is only the power of the moth and the rust? Strange! to think how the Moth-kings lay up treasures for the moth; and the Rust-kings, who are to their peoples' strength as rust to armor, lay up treasures for the rust; and the Robber-kings, treasures for the robber; but how few kings have ever laid up treasures that needed no guarding—treasures of which, the more thieves there were, the better! Broidered robe, only to be rent; helm and sword, only to be dimmed; jewel and gold, only to be

¹ The great renunciation.

scattered ; — there have been three kinds of kings who have gathered these. Suppose there ever should arise a Fourth order of kings, who had read, in some obscure writing of long ago, that there was a Fourth kind of treasure, which the jewel and gold could not equal, neither should it be valued with pure gold. A web made fair in the weaving, by Athena's shuttle ; an armor, forged in divine fire by Vulcanian force — a gold to be mined in the sun's red heart, where he sets over the Delphian cliffs ; — deep-pictured tissue, impenetrable armor, potable gold ! — the three great Angels of Conduct, Toil, and Thought, still calling to us, and waiting at the posts of our doors, to lead us, with their winged power, and guide us, with their unerring eyes, by the path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye has not seen ! Suppose kings should ever arise, who heard and believed this word, and at last gathered and brought forth treasures of — Wisdom — for their people ?

46. Think what an amazing business *that* would be ! How inconceivable, in the state of our present national wisdom ! That we should bring up our peasants to a book exercise instead of a bayonet exercise ! — organize, drill, maintain with pay, and good generalship, armies of thinkers, instead of armies of stabbers ! — find national amusement in reading-rooms as well as rifle-grounds ; give prizes for a fair shot at a fact, as well as for a leaden splash on a target. What an absurd idea it seems, put fairly in words, that the wealth of the capitalists of civilized nations should ever come to support literature instead of war !

47. Have yet patience with me, while I read you a single sentence out of the only book, properly to be called a book, that I have yet written myself, the one that will stand (if anything stand) surest and longest of all work of mine.

“It is one very awful form of the operation of wealth in Europe that it is entirely capitalists' wealth which supports

unjust wars. Just wars do not need so much money to support them ; for most of the men who wage such, wage them gratis ; but for an unjust war, men's bodies and souls have both to be bought ; and the best tools of war for them besides, which makes such war costly to the maximum ; not to speak of the cost of base fear, and angry suspicion, between nations which have not grace nor honesty enough in all their multitudes to buy an hour's peace of mind with ; as, at present, France and England, purchasing of each other ten millions' sterling worth of consternation, annually (a remarkably light crop, half thorns and half aspen leaves, sown, reaped, and granaried by the 'science' of the modern political economist, teaching covetousness instead of truth). And, all unjust war being supportable, if not by pillage of the enemy, only by loans from capitalists, these loans are repaid by subsequent taxation of the people, who appear to have no will in the matter, the capitalists' will being the primary root of the war ; but its real root is the covetousness of the whole nation, rendering it incapable of faith, frankness, or justice, and bringing about, therefore, in due time, his own separate loss and punishment to each person."

48. France and England literally, observe, buy *panic* of each other ; they pay, each of them, for ten thousand thousand pounds' worth of terror, a year. Now suppose, instead of buying these ten millions' worth of panic annually, they made up their minds to be at peace with each other, and buy ten millions' worth of knowledge annually ; and that each nation spent its ten thousand thousand pounds a year in founding royal libraries, royal art galleries, royal museums, royal gardens, and places of rest. Might it not be better somewhat for both French and English ?

49. It will be long, yet, before that comes to pass. Nevertheless, I hope it will not be long before royal or national libraries will be founded in every considerable city,

with a royal series of books in them ; the same series in every one of them, chosen books, the best in every kind, prepared for that national series in the most perfect way possible ; their text printed all on leaves of equal size, broad of margin, and divided into pleasant volumes, light in the hand, beautiful, and strong, and thorough as examples of binders' work ; and that these great libraries will be accessible to all clean and orderly persons at all times of the day and evening ; strict law being enforced for this cleanliness and quietness.

I could shape for you other plans, for art galleries, and for natural history galleries, and for many precious — many, it seems to me, needful — things ; but this book plan is the easiest and needfullest, and would prove a considerable tonic to what we call our British constitution, which has fallen dropsical of late, and has an evil thirst, and evil hunger, and wants healthier feeding. You have got its corn laws repealed for it ; try if you cannot get corn laws established for it, dealing in a better bread ; — bread made of that old enchanted Arabian grain, the Sesame, which opens doors ; — doors, not of robbers', but of Kings' Treasuries.

50. Note to ¶ 30. — Respecting the increase of rent by the deaths of the poor, for evidence of which, see the preface to the Medical officer's report to the Privy Council, just published, there are suggestions in its preface which will make some stir among us, I fancy, respecting which let me note these points following : —

There are two theories on the subject of land now abroad, and in contention ; both false.

The first is that, by Heavenly law, there have always existed, and must continue to exist, a certain number of hereditarily sacred persons to whom the earth, air, and water of the world belong, as personal property ; of which

earth, air, and water, these persons may, at their pleasure, permit, or forbid, the rest of the human race to eat, breathe, or to drink. This theory is not for many years longer tenable. The adverse theory is that a division of the land of the world among the mob of the world would immediately elevate the said mob into sacred personages ; that houses would then build themselves, and corn grow of itself ; and that everybody would be able to live, without doing any work for his living. This theory would also be found highly untenable in practice.

It will, however, require some rough experiments, and rougher catastrophes, before the generality of persons will be convinced that no law concerning anything, least of all concerning land, for either holding or dividing it, or renting it high, or renting it low — would be of the smallest ultimate use to the people — so long as the general contest for life, and for the means of life, remains one of mere brutal competition. That contest, in an unprincipled nation, will take one deadly form or another, whatever laws you make against it. For instance, it would be an entirely wholesome law for England, if it could be carried, that maximum limits should be assigned to incomes according to classes ; and that every nobleman's income should be paid to him as a fixed salary or pension by the nation ; and not squeezed by him in variable sums, at discretion, out of the tenants of his land. But if you could get such a law passed to-morrow, and if, which would be farther necessary, you could fix the value of the assigned incomes by making a given weight of pure bread for a given sum, a twelve-month would not pass before another currency would have been tacitly established, and the power of accumulative wealth would have reasserted itself in some other article, or some other imaginary sign. There is only one cure for public distress — and that is public education, directed to make men thoughtful, merciful,

and just. There are, indeed, many laws conceivable which would gradually better and strengthen the national temper ; but, for the most part, they are such as the national temper must be much bettered before it would bear. A nation in its youth may be helped by laws, as a weak child by backboards, but when it is old, it cannot that way straighten its crooked spine.

And besides ; the problem of land, at its worst, is a by one ; distribute the earth as you will, the principal question remains inexorable, — Who is to dig it ? Which of us, in brief words, is to do the hard and dirty work for the rest — and for what pay ? Who is to do the pleasant and clean work, and for what pay ? Who is to do no work, and for what pay ? And there are curious moral and religious questions connected with these. How far is it lawful to suck a portion of the soul out of a great many persons, in order to put the abstracted psychical quantities together and make one very beautiful or ideal soul ? If we had to deal with mere blood, instead of spirit (and the thing might literally be done — as it has been done with infants before now) — so that it were possible by taking a certain quantity of blood from the arms of a given number of the mob, and putting it all into one person, to make a more azure-blooded gentleman of him, the thing would of course be managed ; but secretly, I should conceive. But now, because it is brain and soul that we abstract, not visible blood, it can be done quite openly, and we live, we gentlemen, on delicatest prey, after the manner of weasels ; that is to say, we keep a certain number of clowns digging and ditching, and generally stupefied, in order that we, being fed gratis, may have all the thinking and feeling to ourselves. Yet there is a great deal to be said for this. A highly-bred and trained English, French, Austrian, or Italian gentleman (much more a lady) is a great production, — a better production than

most statues ; being beautifully colored as well as shaped, and plus all the brains ; a glorious thing to look at, a wonderful thing to talk to ; and you cannot have it, any more than a pyramid or a church, but by sacrifice of much contributed life. And it is, perhaps, better to build a beautiful human creature than a beautiful dome or steeple — and more delightful to look up reverently to a creature far above us, than to a wall ; only the beautiful human creature will have some duties to do in return — duties of living belfry and rampart — of which presently.

ANNOTATIONS.

1. **Sesame**: originally, a plant yielding an oily grain used by Eastern nations for food. The reference here is to its use as a talismanic word : the cave of the forty thieves in a tale of the “Arabian Nights” is opened and closed by the magic words, “Open, Sesame !” — “Shut Sesame !” Mr. Ruskin uses it to denote the key by which the treasures of book-lore may be unlocked.

2. **Double-belled doors**: many houses of the rich in London have two bells ; one for visitors, the other for those who call on business.

3. *The last infirmity of noble minds*: these words are borrowed from Milton’s “*Lycidas*”:—

“Fame, the spur which the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights and live laborious days.”

4. **My Lord**: three archbishops of the Established Church of England, together with twenty-seven bishops, constitute the “Lords Spiritual” of the Upper House in Parliament ; and are, consequently, addressed as “My Lord.”

11. **Entrée** (Ang-trā’): entrance, admission.

12. **Elys'ian gates**: the gates of Elysium, the name used by the Greeks to describe the home of the blessed dead; those whose good deeds while in life had exceeded the sum of their evil deeds.

Portières (Por-ti-air'): door-screens; here, doors or gates to the houses of the great.

Faubourg St. Germain (Fo-boor San Zhar-mang'): a portion of Paris in which the nobility formerly resided.

15. **Canaille** (Can-a'yuh): the rabble.

Noblesse: Fr. nobility. By "the national noblesse of words" Ruskin means those words which, in any country, are pure in their origin; *i.e.*, are neither derived from nor compounded with words belonging to another language.

16. **Chameleon-cloaks, — groundlion cloaks**: the chameleon, or ground-lion, is a kind of lizard whose color is said to change so as to harmonize with the color of its surroundings.

18. **Ecclēs'ia**: from this Greek word, which originally meant any public meeting, has been derived the English word *ecclesiastical*, which is limited to affairs of the Church.

Presbyter: originally, simply an *elder*.

19. **Max Müller** (Mil'ler): a distinguished German scholar, formerly professor of modern languages at Oxford. The lectures referred to are those on "The Science of Language."

20. *The pilot of the Galilean lake*: St. Peter. — See Matt. iv. 18-22.

Two massy keys he bore of metals twain: See Matt. xvi. 18, 19. The idea that the keys are of iron and gold is Milton's own. The iron symbolizes harsh punishment; the gold symbolizes love, the key to heavenly joy.

Mitred locks: a figurative expression which, expanded, means *his head upon which is worn a mitre or tall bishop's cap*, symbol of authority in the Church.

Enow (Old Eng.): enough.

Worthy bidden guest: See Matt. xxii. 3, 8, 9.

Recks (Old Eng.): cares. This is an old idiom, meaning, *What care is it to them?*

Sped: provided for.

List (Old Eng.) : please, choose.

Scrannel pipes of wretched straw: the word *scrannel* is thought to have been invented by Milton, and may mean either *thin* or *screeching*. The entire phrase forcibly characterizes the worthlessness of these false bishops' teaching.

Rank mist: unwholesome and corrupting doctrines.

Episcopal function: the duty belonging to the office of bishop.

22. The word *office* as it occurs in this section is used in its original Latin sense ; viz., *duty*.

Salisbury steeple: the highest spire in England ; 404 feet high.

23. **Crêt'inous**: idiotic ; — so-called from *cretin*, a Swiss name for a deformed and helpless idiot.

24. **The rock-apostle**: Peter, — literally, a rock. See Matt. xvi. 18.

25. **Cranmer**: an English statesman, divine, and reformer, made archbishop of Canterbury and prime minister by Henry VIII. Under Queen Mary, he was burned at the stake (1556) on a charge of heresy.

St. Francis: founder of the Franciscan order of mendicant friars, about 1210 A.D.

St. Dominic: founder of the order of Dominicans, or Preaching Friars, 1215 A.D.

Him who made Virgil wonder to gaze upon him: Caiaphas — (see John xi. 49, 50). Dante (Inferno xxiii. 3) represents him as punished by being crucified and transfixed to the ground by three stakes driven through his body.

"Disteso, tanto vilmente, nell' eterno esilio": "distended so ignominiously in the eternal exile." — Inferno xxiii. 126.

Him whom Dante stood beside: Nicholas III, whom Dante represents as punished for fraud by being buried head downward with his feet protruding from the earth.

"Come 'l frate che confessa lo perfido assassin": "like the friar who is hearing the confession of a treacherous assassin." — Inferno xix. 49.

Alighieri (Al-e-ge-ā'-ree) : Dante's family-name.

28. **Mimosa**: a species of leguminous plants. The one here referred to is the *sensitive plant*, so called because the leaves shrink and fold when touched.

29. **Junketings**: private feastings.

Puppet-shows: mock dramas performed by little images moved by wires.

30. **Othello**: the Moor of Venice in Shakespeare's play of the same name.

32. **Biblio-maniac**: one who is insane on the subject of books.

34. **Ludgate apprentices**: the apprentices of the Ludgate Hill District in London cried "What d'ye lack?" when advertising their masters' wares on the street.

35. **Schaffhausen**: capital of a Swiss canton of the same name. Three miles below the town are the beautiful falls of the Rhine, of which Ruskin has given an eloquent description in "Modern Painters."

Lucerne: a Swiss lake on whose shores the patriotic deeds of Tell are said to have taken place.

Tell's Chapel: a chapel dedicated to the virtues of William Tell, a legendary hero of Switzerland.

Chamouni (Sha-mou-nee'): a picturesque Alpine valley of France, 2000 feet above Lake Geneva. Its sublime beauty has inspired some noble poems, one of the finest being that by Coleridge.

Zurich (Zoo'rik): a lake and canton of Switzerland.

36. **Spit'alfields**: a section of London, seat of an important silk manufacture.

Translator: literally, one who *carries across*; i.e., one who changes something into another form. In this case, one who makes new boots of old ones.

37. **Satanellas**, — **Roberts**, — **Fausts**: titles of dramas in which the Devil is introduced as one of the characters.

Dio (De'-o): Italian word for God.

Lazarus: see Luke xvi. 20.

40. **Chalmers**: the most eminent Scottish divine of the present century.

41. **Kirkby Lonsdale**: a market town of England, County of Westmoreland. Its location is picturesque.

Hā'des: the name given by the Greeks to the kingdom of Pluto, or the realm of the dead.

42. **Scyth'ian**: pertaining to Scythia, a name given in ancient times to the country north and east of the Black Sea, the Caspian, and the Sea of Aral.

Living peace: see Romans vi. 8.

Harness: here, armor or defense.

43. **Achilles** (A-kil'les): the hero of Homer's "Iliad."

44. **Can'tel**: a piece shaped like a half-moon.

45. **Athēn'a**: the Greek goddess of wisdom and of arts. Her Roman name is Minerva.

Vulcanian: pertaining to Vulcan, the Greek god of fire and the forge, who presided over the working of metals: the word is also used to signify volcanic force.

Delphian: pertaining to Delphi in Greece, the seat of a renowned oracle of Apollo, the sun-god.

Deep pictured tissue: a fabric so interwoven with gold and colors as to form pictures.

Potable: drinkable.

47. **Taxation**: about seventy-five cents out of every dollar of taxes levied in England is spent either in paying the interest on old war debts, or in making preparation for future wars.

48. **Panic**: extreme fright affecting a number of persons at once: so named because, according to Herodotus, the Greek god *Pan* struck such a sudden terror into the Persians at the battle of Marathon.

49. **Corn-laws**: laws that imposed a heavy duty on all grain (corn) imported into England, thus making bread dear, and causing great distress among the laboring classes. These laws were repealed in 1849.

OF QUEENS' GARDENS.



INTRODUCTORY.

IN this lecture, which is a further exposition of the thought of "Kings' Treasuries," Mr. Ruskin gives with great force his views concerning the education and duties of woman.

The purpose of education is the same for both men and women, viz., the acquiring of power which shall be used in blessing and redeeming society; in converting the desert places of human life into gardens of fragrant beauty. For the only true kingship and queenship is that "which consists in a stronger moral state and a truer thoughtful state, than that of others."

Since education, then, fits for duty, it is important to consider what are the duties of woman. It is Mr. Ruskin's opinion that to speak of the mission and the rights of woman is to assume that the nature and the interests of men and women are antagonistic. Not less erroneous is the idea that woman is inferior to man, and therefore to yield him servile obedience.

The intention in all life is harmony. To produce this harmony in human life, the right understanding and acceptance of the relations of the womanly and the manly mind, and their duty each to each are essential.

Since to use books rightly is "to be led by them into wider sight" when our own knowledge is insufficient, Ruskin seeks to discover the opinion of "the wisest, the

purest-hearted of all ages" concerning the "true dignity of woman and her mode of help to man." Shakespeare, that master-interpreter of man to himself, represents women as "infallibly faithful and wise counselors," — distinguished by heroic action and fortitude — "strong to sanctify even when they cannot save." Walter Scott, who "has given the broadest view of modern society," pictures woman as combining intellectual strength with feminine grace and tenderness, as moved by a high sense of justice; as actuated by fearless, self-sacrificing devotion to duty; as animated by such wisdom and self-controlled affection as exalts not only her own character, but that of her lover. This exalted portraiture of womanly dignity and virtue and power finds its counterpart in the great poems of all ages. But this view of the character and power of woman is contrary to the commonly accepted idea of the marriage relation which assumes that the woman is inferior, and, therefore, properly subject to her husband.

The appeal is next made to the human heart. In chivalry, the embodiment of the Christian ideal, the knight voluntarily submits to be directed by the lady of his choice, whose commands, dictated by love and wise foresight, he feels himself honored in obeying. Mr. Ruskin deprecates the fact that, among us, marriage so often puts an end to this knightly, reverent devotion. The noble picture which he paints of harmonious family life, — the home that is the "place of Peace" — had been daily realized for him from his earliest recollection. The "guiding, determining function," which he assigns to woman, was that of his mother, whose serene, self-centred dignity made her home a sacred shrine of order and holy peace.

Happy all who can give such testimony to a harmonious home-life as this of Ruskin's: — "I had never heard my father's or mother's voice once raised in any question with

each other; nor seen an angry, or even slightly hurt or offended glance, in the eye of either. I had never heard a servant scolded; nor even suddenly, passionately, or in any severe manner blamed. I had never seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter; nor anything whatever either done in a hurry, or undone (not done) in due time."

Woman's true place and honor, then, is to be the guide, the counselor, the director of man. But to be capable of this guidance, she must be good, wise, and always ready to serve.

The lecture considers, in the second place, what kind of education will fit the girl for this high dignity of gracious womanhood.

First, that perfection of womanly beauty may be attained, she must have such physical training as will secure harmonious bodily development. Second, she should be trained in habits of accurate thinking; she should become acquainted with the beauty and the laws of nature; humility should be bred as the result of such a view of the vast expanse of desirable knowledge as to cause her to feel how limited is hers by comparison; her imagination should be so cultivated as to develop such an active sympathy with human suffering, as will express itself in helpful deeds.

Theology, as mere intellectual speculation, Mr. Ruskin would have women avoid; but the higher science of practical religion they should realize in every-day life.

All superficial study is weakening; but while the course pursued should, in Mr. Ruskin's opinion, be the same for girls as for boys, he would have the former apply their knowledge in the daily home life and in social service.

"Let a girl's education be as serious as a boy's." Frivolity in women is the logical result of false, superficial education. The virtues which we call manly should also be developed to be the strength of woman.

A well-chosen course of reading in history, poetry, and fiction, together with the influence of the best models in art, will give true standards of elevated thought and life. Above all, see that her teachers have a personality fitted to inspire reverence and that such respect shall be aroused by parental example. Lastly, the quiet, loving companionship of nature, with her mystical influences, upon the sensitive soul of the child, is a powerful agency in the development of the finer qualities.

Mr. Ruskin concludes this portion of his lecture with a protest against the mercenary spirit of the age, which has led to the defacing of the natural beauty of England by digging in mines, building manufactories, and constructing lines of railroads. The Greek imagination peopled Parnassus with the Muses, but the equally beautiful Mount Snowdon awakens in the minds of Englishmen no thrill of reverent awe; the national mind is insensible to the holy beauty of nature.

Mr. Ruskin believes that the true expansion of woman's duty, equally with that of man, leads to service to the state. Among the inextinguishable instincts deeply implanted in the soul of man is the love of power, "which, rightly directed, maintains all the majesty and law of life."

What shall be the purpose and scope of this power? To redeem, not to destroy, — the sweetening and purifying of human lives.

The noble title of Lady is not to be assumed for the sake of selfish distinction, but to represent the true "loaf-giver" who ministers to all the wants of the Master's little ones, — his representatives on earth. Then shall women become truly queens whose reign is one of duty, whose ambition is to bless with kindly helpfulness.

Mr. Ruskin charges upon woman's indifference the responsibility of much of the warfare, the injustice, and the

misery in the world. With eloquent force, he appeals to the educated women of England to renounce self-indulgent ease and pleasure, and to devote themselves to nourishing into healthy, happy life the feeble child-flowers who are struggling with the sharp blasts of poverty and injustice. Then they shall, indeed, walk as queens in the gardens made beautiful with the lilies of joyous lives tended by their care.

LECTURE II. — LILIES.¹

OF QUEENS' GARDENS.

“Be thou glad, oh thirsting Desert ; let the desert be made cheerful, and bloom as the lily ; and the barren places of Jordan shall run wild with wood.” — ISAIAH xxxv, 1. (Septuagint.)

51. IT will, perhaps, be well, as this Lecture is the sequel of one previously given, that I should shortly state to you my general intention in both. The questions specially proposed to you in the first, namely, *How and What to Read*, rose out of a far deeper one, which it was my endeavor to make you propose earnestly to yourselves, namely, *Why to Read*. I want you to feel, with me, that whatever advantages we possess in the present day in the diffusion of education and of literature, can only be rightly used by any of us when we have apprehended clearly what education is to lead to, and literature to teach. I wish you to see that both well-directed moral training and well-chosen reading lead to the possession of a power over the ill-guided and illiterate, which is, according to the measure of it, in the truest sense, *kingly* ; conferring indeed the purest king-

¹ This lecture was given December 14, 1864, at the Town Hall, Manchester, in aid of the St. Andrews' Schools.

ship that can exist among men: too many other kingships (however distinguished by visible insignia or material power) being either spectral, or tyrannous;—Spectral—that is to say, aspects and shows only of royalty, hollow as death, and which only the “Likeness of a kingly crown have on”; or else tyrannous—that is to say, substituting their own will for the law of justice and love by which all true kings rule.

52. There is, then, I repeat—and as I want to leave this idea with you. I begin with it, and shall end with it—only one pure kind of kingship; an inevitable and external kind, crowned or not: the kingship, namely, which consists in a stronger moral state, and a truer thoughtful state, than that of others; enabling you, therefore, to guide, or to raise them. Observe that word “State”; we have got into a loose way of using it. It means literally the standing and stability of a thing; and you have the full force of it in the derived word “statue”—“the immovable thing.” A king’s majesty or “state,” then, and the right of his kingdom to be called a state, depends on the movelessness of both:—without tremor, without quiver of balance; established and enthroned upon a foundation of eternal law which nothing can alter, nor overthrow.

53. Believing that all literature and all education are only useful so far as they tend to confirm this calm, beneficent, and *therefore* kingly, power—first, over ourselves, and, through ourselves, over all around us, I am now going to ask you to consider with me farther, what special portion or kind of this royal authority, arising out of noble education, may rightly be possessed by women; and how far they also are called to a true queenly power. Not in their households merely, but over all within their sphere. And in what sense, if they rightly understood and exercised this royal or gracious influence, the order and beauty induced by such benignant power would justify us in speaking of the

territories over which each of them reigned, as "Queens' Gardens."

54. And here, in the very outset, we are met by a far deeper question, which—strange though this may seem—remains among many of us yet quite undecided, in spite of its infinite importance.

We cannot determine what the queenly power of women should be, until we are agreed what their ordinary power should be. We cannot consider how education may fit them for any widely extending duty, until we are agreed what is their true constant duty. And there never was a time when wilder words were spoken, or more vain imagination permitted, respecting this question—quite vital to all social happiness. The relations of the womanly to the manly nature, their different capacities of intellect or of virtue, seem never to have been yet estimated with entire consent. We hear of the "mission" and of the "rights" of Woman, as if these could ever be separate from the mission and the rights of Man;—as if she and her lord were creatures of independent kind, and of irreconcilable claim. This, at least, is wrong. And not less wrong—perhaps even more foolishly wrong (for I will anticipate thus far what I hope to prove)—is the idea that woman is only the shadow and attendant image of her lord, owing him a thoughtless and servile obedience, and supported altogether in her weakness, by the preëminence of his fortitude.

This, I say, is the most foolish of all errors respecting her who was made to be the helpmate of man. As if he could be helped effectively by a shadow, or worthily by a slave!

55. I. — Let us try, then, whether we cannot get at some clear and harmonious idea (it must be harmonious if it is true) of what womanly mind and virtue are in power and office, with respect to man's; and how their relations rightly accepted, aid, and increase, the vigor, and honor, and authority of both.

And now I must repeat one thing I said in the last lecture: namely, that the first use of education was to enable us to consult with the wisest and the greatest men on all points of earnest difficulty. That to use books rightly, was to go to them for help: to appeal to them, when our own knowledge and power of thought failed: to be led by them into wider sight—purer conception—than our own, and receive from them the united sentence of the judges and councils of all time, against our solitary and unstable opinion.

Let us do this now. Let us see whether the greatest, the wisest, the purest-hearted of all ages are agreed in any wise on this point: let us hear the testimony they have left respecting what they held to be the true dignity of woman, and her mode of help to man.

56. And first let us take Shakespeare.

Note broadly in the outset, Shakespeare has no heroes;—he has only heroines. There is not one entirely heroic figure in all his plays, except the slight sketch of Henry the Fifth, exaggerated for the purposes of the stage: and the still slighter Valentine in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. In his labored and perfect plays you have no hero. Othello would have been one, if his simplicity had not been so great as to leave him the prey of every base practice round him; but he is the only example even approximating to the heroic type. Coriolanus—Cæsar—Antony, stand in flawed strength, and fall by their vanities;—Hamlet is indolent, and drowsily speculative; Romeo an impatient boy; the Merchant of Venice languidly submissive to adverse fortune; Kent, in *King Lear*, is entirely noble at heart, but too rough and unpolished to be of true use at the critical time, and he sinks into the office of a servant only. Orlando, no less noble, is yet the despairing toy of chance, followed, comforted, saved, by Rosalind. Whereas there is

hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope and errorless purpose: Cordelia, Desdemona, Isabella, Hermione, Imogen, Queen Katherine, Perdita, Silvia, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and last, and perhaps loveliest, Virgilia, are all faultless: conceived in the highest heroic type of humanity.

57. Then observe, secondly,

The catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman, and failing that, there is none. The catastrophe of *King Lear* is owing to his own want of judgment, his impatient vanity, his misunderstanding of his children; the virtue of his one true daughter would have saved him from all the injuries of the others, unless he had cast her away from him; as it is, she all but saves him.

Of *Othello* I need not trace the tale;—nor the one weakness of his so mighty love; nor the inferiority of his perceptive intellect to that even of the second woman character in the play, the Emilia who dies in wild testimony against his error:—“Oh, murderous coxcomb! What should such a fool Do with so good a wife?”

In *Romeo and Juliet*, the wise and brave stratagem of the wife is brought to ruinous issue by the reckless impatience of her husband. In *Winter's Tale* and in *Cymbeline*, the happiness and existence of two princely households, lost through long years, and imperiled to the death by the folly and obstinacy of the husbands, are redeemed at last by the queenly patience and wisdom of the wives. In *Measure for Measure*, the foul injustice of the judge, and the foul cowardice of the brother, are opposed to the victorious truth and adamant purity of a woman. In *Coriolanus*, the mother's counsel, acted upon in time, would have saved her son from all evil; his momentary forgetfulness of it

is his ruin ; her prayer at last granted, saves him—not, indeed, from death, but from the curse of living as the destroyer of his country.

And what shall I say of Julia, constant against the fickleness of a lover who is a mere wicked child?—of Helena, against the petulance and insult of a careless youth?—of the patience of Hero, the passion of Beatrice, and the calmly devoted wisdom of the “unlessoned girl,” who appears among the helplessness, the blindness, and the vindictive passions of men, as a gentle angel, bringing courage and safety by her presence, and defeating the worst malignities of crime by what women are fancied most to fail in,—precision and accuracy of thought.

58. Observe, further, among all the principal figures in Shakespeare’s plays, there is only one weak woman—Ophelia ; and it is because she fails Hamlet at the critical moment, and is not, and cannot in her nature be, a guide to him when he needs her most, that all the bitter catastrophe follows. Finally, though there are three wicked women among the principal figures, Lady Macbeth, Regan, and Goneril, they are felt at once to be frightful exceptions to the ordinary laws of life ; fatal in their influence also in proportion to the power for good which they have abandoned.

Such, in broad light, is Shakespeare’s testimony to the position and character of women in human life. He represents them as infallibly faithful and wise counselors,—incorruptibly just and pure examples—strong always to sanctify, even when they cannot save.

59. Not as in any wise comparable in knowledge of the nature of man,—still less in his understanding of the causes and courses of fate,—but only as the writer, who has given us the broadest view of the conditions and modes of ordinary thought in modern society, I ask you next to receive the witness of Walter Scott.

I put aside his merely romantic prose writings as of no value ; and though the early romantic poetry is very beautiful, its testimony is of no weight, other than that of a boy's ideal. But his true works, studied from Scottish life, bear a true witness ; and, in the whole range of these, there are but three men who reach the heroic type¹—Dandie Dinmont, Rob Roy, and Claverhouse ; of these, one is a border farmer ; another a freebooter ; the third a soldier in a bad cause. And these touch the ideal of heroism only in their courage and faith, together with a strong, but uncultivated, or mistakenly applied, intellectual power ; while his younger men are the gentlemanly playthings of fantastic fortune, and only by aid (or accident) of that fortune, survive, not vanquish, the trials they involuntarily sustain. Of any disciplined, or consistent character, earnest in a purpose wisely conceived, or dealing with forms of hostile evil, definitely challenged, and resolutely subdued, there is no trace in his conceptions of young men. Whereas in his imaginations of women,—in the characters of Ellen Douglas, of Flora MacIvor, Rose Bradwardine, Catherine Seyton, Diana Vernon, Lillias Redgauntlet, Alice Bridgenorth, Alice Lee, and Jeanie Deans,—with endless varieties of grace, tenderness, and intellectual power we find in all a quite infallible and inevitable sense of dignity and justice ; a fearless, instant, and untiring self-sacrifice to even the appearance of duty, much more to its real claims ; and,

¹ I ought, in order to make this assertion fully understood, to have noted the various weaknesses which lower the ideal of other great characters of men in the Waverley novels—the selfishness and narrowness of thought in Redgauntlet, the weak religious enthusiasm in Edward Glendinning, and the like ; and I ought to have noticed that there are several quite perfect characters sketched sometimes in the backgrounds ; three—let us accept joyously this courtesy to England and her soldiers—are English officers : Colonel Gardiner, Colonel Talbot, and Colonel Mannering.

finally, a patient wisdom of deeply restrained affection, which does infinitely more than protect its objects from a momentary error ; it gradually forms, animates, and exalts the characters of the unworthy lovers, until, at the close of the tale, we are just able, and no more, to take patience in hearing of their unmerited success.

So that, in all cases, with Scott as with Shakespeare, it is the woman who watches over, teaches, and guides the youth ; it is never, by any chance, the youth who watches over, or educates his mistress.

60. Next, take, though more briefly, graver testimony — that of the great Italians and Greeks. You know well the plan of Dante's great poem — that it is a love poem to his dead lady ; a song of praise for her watch over his soul. Stooping only to pity, never to love, she yet saves him from destruction — saves him from hell. He is going eternally astray in despair ; she comes down from heaven to his help, and throughout the ascents of Paradise is his teacher, interpreting for him the most difficult truths, divine and human, and leading him, with rebuke upon rebuke, from star to star.

I do not insist upon Dante's conception ; if I began I could not cease ; besides, you might think this a wild imagination of one poet's heart. So I will rather read to you a few verses of the deliberate writing of a knight of Pisa to his living lady, wholly characteristic of the feeling of all the noblest men of the thirteenth, or early fourteenth century, preserved among many other such records of knightly honor and love, which Dante Rossetti has gathered for us from among the early Italian poets.

“ For lo ! thy law is passed
That this my love should manifestly be
To serve and honor thee ;
And so I do ; and my delight is full,
Accepted for the servant of thy rule.

“Without almost, I am all rapturous,
 Since thus my will was set
 To serve, thou flower of joy, thine excellence ;
Nor ever seems it anything could rouse
 A pain or regret,
 But on thee dwells mine every thought and sense ;
Considering that from thee all virtues spread
 As from a fountain head, —
That in thy gift is wisdom's best avail,
 And honor without fail ;
With whom each sovereign good dwells separate,
Fulfilling the perfection of thy state.

“Lady, since I conceived
That pleasurable aspect in my heart,
 My life has been apart
In shining brightness and the place of truth ;
 Which till that time, good sooth,
Groped among shadows in a darken'd place,
 Where many hours and days
It hardly ever had remember'd good.
 But now my servitude
Is thine, and I am full of joy and rest.
 A man from a wild beast
Thou madest me, since for thy love I lived.”

61. You may think, perhaps, a Greek knight would have had a lower estimate of women than this Christian lover. His spiritual subjection to them was, indeed, not so absolute ; but as regards their own personal character, it was only because you could not have followed me so easily, that I did not take the Greek women instead of Shakespeare's ; and instance, for chief ideal types of human beauty and faith, the simple mother's and wife's heart of Andromache ; the divine, yet rejected wisdom of Cassandra ; the playful kindness and simple princess-life of happy Nausicaä ; the housewifely calm of that of Penelope, with its watch upon

the sea ; the ever patient, fearless, hopelessly devoted piety of the sister and daughter, in Antigone ; the bowing down of Iphigenia, lamb-like and silent ; and, finally, the expectation of the resurrection, made clear to the soul of the Greeks in the return from her grave of that Alcestis, who, to save her husband, had passed calmly through the bitterness of death.

62. Now, I could multiply witness upon witness of this kind upon you if I had time. I would take Chaucer, and show you why he wrote a Legend of Good Women ; but no Legend of Good Men. I would take Spenser, and show you how all his fairy knights are sometimes deceived and sometimes vanquished ; but the soul of Una is never darkened, and the spear of Britomart is never broken. Nay, I could go back into the mythical teaching of the most ancient times, and show you how the great people,—by one of whose princesses it was appointed that the Lawgiver of all the earth should be educated, rather than by his own kindred ;—how that great Egyptian people, wisest then of nations, gave to their Spirit of Wisdom the form of a woman ; and into her hand, for a symbol, the weaver's shuttle ; and how the name and the form of that spirit, adopted, believed, and obeyed by the Greeks, became that Athena of the olive-helm, and cloudy shield, to faith in whom you owe, down to this date, whatever you hold most precious in art, in literature, or in types of national virtue.

63. But I will not wander into this distant and mythical element ; I will only ask you to give its legitimate value to the testimony of these great poets and men of the world,—consistent, as you see it is, on this head. I will ask you whether it can be supposed that these men, in the main work of their lives, are amusing themselves with a fictitious and idle view of the relations between man and woman ;—nay, worse than fictitious or idle ; for a thing may be

imaginary, yet desirable, if it were possible ; but this, their ideal of woman, is, according to our common idea of the marriage relation, wholly undesirable. The woman, we say, is not to guide, nor even to think for herself. The man is always to be the wiser ; he is to be the thinker, the ruler, the superior in knowledge and discretion, as in power.

64. Is it not somewhat important to make up our minds on this matter ? Are all these great men mistaken, or are we ? Are Shakespeare and Aeschylus, Dante and Homer, merely dressing dolls for us ; or, worse than dolls, unnatural visions, the realization of which, were it possible, would bring anarchy into all households and ruin into all affections ? Nay, if you could suppose this, take lastly the evidence of facts, given by the human heart itself. In all Christian ages which have been remarkable for their purity or progress, there has been absolute yielding of obedient devotion, by the lover, to his mistress. I say *obedient* ; — not merely enthusiastic and worshiping in imagination, but entirely subject, receiving from the beloved woman, however young, not only the encouragement, the praise, and the reward of all toil, but so far as any choice is open, or any question difficult of decision, the *direction* of all toil. That chivalry, to the abuse and dishonor of which are attributable primarily whatever is cruel in war, unjust in peace, or corrupt and ignoble in domestic relations ; and to the original purity and power of which we owe the defense alike of faith, of law, and of love ; — that chivalry, I say, in its very first conception of honorable life, assumes the subjection of the young knight to the command — should it even be the command in caprice — of his lady. It assumes this, because its masters knew that the first and necessary impulse of every truly taught and knightly heart is this of blind service to its lady ; that where that true faith and captivity are not, all wayward and wicked passions must be ;

and that in this rapturous obedience to the single love of his youth, is the sanctification of all man's strength, and the continuance of all his purposes. And this, not because such obedience would be safe, or honorable, were it ever rendered to the unworthy; but because it ought to be impossible for every noble youth—it *is* impossible for every one rightly trained—to love any one whose gentle counsel he cannot trust, or whose prayerful command he can hesitate to obey.

65. I do not insist by any farther argument on this, for I think it should commend itself at once to your knowledge of what has been and to your feelings of what should be. You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armor by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth—that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails. Know you not those lovely lines—I would they were learned by all youthful ladies of England:—

“Ah, wasteful woman!—she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay—
How has she cheapen'd Paradise!
How given for nought her priceless gift,
How spoiled the bread and spill'd the wine,
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine!”¹

66. Thus much, then, respecting the relations of lovers I believe you will accept. But what we too often doubt is the

¹ Coventry Patmore. You cannot read him too often or too carefully; as far as I know he is the only living poet who always strengthens and purifies; the others sometimes darken, and nearly always depress and discourage, the imagination they deeply seize.

fitness of the continuance of such a relation throughout the whole of human life. We think it right in the lover and mistress, not in the husband and wife. That is to say, we think that a reverent and tender duty is due to one whose affection we still doubt, and whose character we as yet do but partially and distantly discern ; and that this reverence and duty are to be withdrawn, when the affection has become wholly and limitlessly our own, and the character has been so sifted and tried that we fear not to entrust it with the happiness of our lives. Do you not see how ignoble this is, as well as how unreasonable? Do you not feel that marriage,—when it is marriage at all,—is only the seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal love?

67. But how, you will ask, is the idea of this guiding function of the woman reconcilable with a true wifely subjection? Simply in that it is a *guiding*, not a determining, function. Let me try to show you briefly how these powers seem to be rightly distinguishable.

We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the “superiority” of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not: each completes the other, and is completed by the other: they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

68. Now their separate characters are briefly these. The man’s power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention ; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever conquest necessary. But the woman’s power is for rule, not for battle,—and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement,

and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims, and their places. Her great function is Praise: she enters into no contest, but infallibly judges the crown of contest. By her office, and place, she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in open world, must encounter all peril and trial: to him, therefore, must be the failure, the offense, the inevitable error: often he must be wounded, or subdued; often misled; and *always* hardened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offense. This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home: so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over, and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love,—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea,—so far it vindicates the name, and fulfills the praise, of home.

And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot: but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.

69. This, then, I believe to be,—will you not admit it to be,—the woman's true place and power? But do not you see that to fulfill this, she must—as far as one can use such terms of a human creature—be incapable of error? So far as she rules, all must be right, or nothing is. She must be enduringly, incorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly wise—wise, not for self-development, but for self-renunciation: wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fail from his side: wise, not with the narrowness of insolent and loveless pride, but with the passionate gentleness of an infinitely variable, because infinitely applicable, modesty of service—the true changefulness of woman. In that great sense—“*La donna è mobile,*” not “*Qual piúm' al vento*”; no, nor yet “*Variable as the shade, by the light quivering aspen made*”; but variable as the *light*, manifold in fair and serene division, that it may take the color of all that it falls upon, and exalt it.

70. II.—I have been trying, thus far, to show you what should be the place, and what the power of woman. Now, secondly, we ask, What kind of education is to fit her for these?

And if you indeed think this is a true conception of her office and dignity, it will not be difficult to trace the course of education which would fit her for the one, and raise her to the other.

The first of our duties to her—no thoughtful persons now doubt this—is to secure for her such physical training and exercise as may confirm her health, and perfect her beauty, the highest refinement of that beauty being unattainable without splendor of activity and of delicate strength. To perfect her beauty, I say, and increase its power; it cannot be too powerful, nor shed its sacred light too far: only remember that all physical freedom is vain to produce beauty without a corresponding freedom of heart.

There are two passages of that poet who is distinguished, it seems to me, from all others—not by power, but by exquisite *rightness*—which point you to the source, and describe to you, in a few syllables, the completion of womanly beauty. I will read the introductory stanzas, but the last is the one I wish you specially to notice :—

“Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, ‘A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown.
This child I to myself will take ;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

““Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse ; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle, or restrain.

““The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden’s form
By silent sympathy.

““And *vital feelings of delight*
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell.
Such *thoughts* to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live,
Here in this happy dell.”¹

¹ Observe, it is “Nature” who is speaking throughout, and who says,

“While she and I together live.”

“*Vital* feelings of delight,” observe. There are deadly feelings of delight ; but the natural ones are vital, necessary to very life.

And they must be feelings of delight, if they are to be vital. Do not think you can make a girl lovely, if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you put on a good girl's nature—there is not one check you give to her instincts of affection or of effort—which will not be indelibly written on her features, with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence, and the charm from the brow of virtue.

71. This for the means: now note the end. Take from the same poet, in two lines, a perfect description of womanly beauty—

“A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet.”

The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace, which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years,—full of sweet records ; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise ;—opening always—modest at once, and bright, with hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise.

72. Thus, then, you have first to mould her physical frame, and then, as the strength she gains will permit you, to fill and temper her mind with all knowledge and thoughts which tend to confirm its natural instincts of justice, and refine its natural tact of love.

All such knowledge should be given her as may enable her to understand, and even to aid, the work of men : and yet it should be given, not as knowledge,—not as if it

were, or could be, for her an object to know ; but only to feel, and to judge. It is of no moment, as a matter of pride or perfectness in herself, whether she knows many languages or one ; but it is of the utmost, that she should be able to show kindness to a stranger, and to understand the sweetness of a stranger's tongue. It is of no moment to her own worth or dignity that she should be acquainted with this science or that ; but it is of the highest that she should be trained in habits of accurate thought ; that she should understand the meaning, the inevitableness, and the loveliness of natural laws ; and follow at least some one path of scientific attainment, as far as to the threshold of that bitter Valley of Humiliation, into which only the wisest and bravest of men can descend, owning themselves forever children, gathering pebbles on a boundless shore. It is of little consequence how many positions of cities she knows, or how many dates of events, or names of celebrated persons — it is not the object of education to turn a woman into a dictionary ; but it is deeply necessary that she should be taught to enter with her whole personality into the history she reads ; to picture the passages of it vitally in her own bright imagination ; to apprehend, with her fine instincts, the pathetic circumstances and dramatic relations, which the historian too often only eclipses by his reasoning, and disconnects by his arrangement : it is for her to trace the hidden equities of divine reward, and catch sight, through the darkness, of the fatal threads of woven fire that connect error with its retribution. But, chiefly of all, she is to be taught to extend the limits of her sympathy with respect to that history which is being for her determined as the moments pass in which she draws her peaceful breath : and to the contemporary calamity, which, were it but rightly mourned by her, would recur no more hereafter. She is to exercise herself in imagining what would be the effects upon

her mind and conduct, if she were daily brought into the presence of the suffering which is not the less real because shut from her sight. She is to be taught somewhat to understand the nothingness of the proportion which that little world in which she lives and loves, bears to the world in which God lives and loves ; — and solemnly she is to be taught to strive that her thoughts of piety may not be feeble in proportion to the number they embrace, nor her prayer more languid than it is for the momentary relief from pain of her husband or her child, when it is uttered for the multitudes of those who have none to love them, — and is, “for all who are desolate and oppressed.”

73. Thus far, I think, I have had your concurrence ; perhaps you will not be with me in what I believe is most needful for me to say. There *is* one dangerous science for women — one which they must indeed beware how they profanely touch — that of theology. Strange, and miserably strange, that while they are modest enough to doubt their powers, and pause at the threshold of sciences where every step is demonstrable and sure, they will plunge headlong, and without one thought of incompetency, into that science in which the greatest men have trembled, and the wisest erred. Strange, that they will complacently and pridefully bind up whatever vice or folly there is in them, whatever arrogance, petulance, or blind incomprehensiveness, into one bitter bundle of consecrated myrrh. Strange, in creatures born to be Love visible, that where they can know least, they will condemn first, and think to recommend themselves to their Master, by scrambling up the steps of His judgment throne, to divide it with Him. Strangest of all, that they should think they were led by the Spirit of the Comforter into habits of mind which have become in them the unmixed elements of home discomfort ; and that they dare to turn the Household Gods of Christianity into ugly

idols of their own ;—spiritual dolls, for them to dress according to their caprice ; and from which their husbands must turn away in grieved contempt, lest they should be shrieked at for breaking them.

74. I believe then, with this exception, that a girl's education should be nearly, in its course and material of study, the same as a boy's ; but quite differently directed. A woman, in any rank of life, ought to know whatever her husband is likely to know, but to know it in a different way. His command of it should be foundational and progressive ; hers, general and accomplished for daily and helpful use. Not but that it would often be wiser in men to learn things in a womanly sort of way, for present use, and to seek for the discipline and training of their mental powers in such branches of study as will be afterwards fittest for social service ; but, speaking broadly, a man ought to know any language or science he learns, thoroughly — while a woman ought to know the same language, or science, only so far as may enable her to sympathize in her husband's pleasures, and in those of his best friends.

75. Yet, observe, with exquisite accuracy as far as she reaches. There is a wide difference between elementary knowledge and superficial knowledge — between a firm beginning, and an infirm attempt at compassing. A woman may always help her husband by what she knows, however little ; by what she half-knows, or mis-knows, she will only tease him.

And indeed, if there were to be any difference between a girl's education and a boy's, I should say that of the two the girl should be earlier led, as her intellect ripens faster, into deep and serious subjects : and that her range of literature should be, not more, but less frivolous ; calculated to add the qualities of patience and seriousness to her natural poignancy of thought and quickness of wit ; and

also to keep her in a lofty and pure element of thought. I enter not now into any question of choice of books ; only let us be sure that her books are not heaped up in her lap as they fall out of the package of the circulating library, wet with the last and lightest spray of the fountain of folly.

76. Or even of the fountain of wit ; for with respect to that sore temptation of novel-reading, it is not the badness of a novel that we should dread, so much as its overwrought interest. The weakest romance is not so stupefying as the lower forms of religious exciting literature, and the worst romance is not so corrupting as false history, false philosophy, or false political essays. But the best romance becomes dangerous, if, by its excitement, it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting, and increases the morbid thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which we shall never be called upon to act.

77. I speak therefore of good novels only ; and our modern literature is particularly rich in types of such. Well read, indeed, these books have serious use, being nothing less than treatises on moral anatomy and chemistry ; studies of human nature in the elements of it. But I attach little weight to this function : they are hardly ever read with earnestness enough to permit them to fulfill it. The utmost they usually do is to enlarge somewhat the charity of a kind reader, or the bitterness of a malicious one ; for each will gather, from the novel, food for her own disposition. Those who are naturally proud and envious will learn from Thackeray to despise humanity ; those who are naturally gentle, to pity it ; those who are naturally shallow, to laugh at it. So, also, there might be a serviceable power in novels to bring before us, in vividness, a human truth which we had before dimly conceived ; but the temptation to picturesqueness of statement is so great,

that often the best writers of fiction cannot resist it ; and our views are rendered so violent and one-sided, that their vitality is rather a harm than good.

78. Without, however, venturing here on any attempt at decision of how much novel-reading should be allowed, let me at least clearly assert this, that whether novels, or poetry, or history be read, they should be chosen, not for their freedom from evil, but for their possession of good. The chance and scattered evil that may here and there haunt, or hide itself in, a powerful book, never does any harm to a noble girl ; but the emptiness of an author oppresses her, and his amiable folly degrades her. And if she can have access to a good library of old and classical books, there need be no choosing at all. Keep the modern magazine and novel out of your girl's way ; turn her loose into the old library every wet day, and let her alone. She will find what is good for her ; you cannot ; for there is just this difference between the making of a girl's character and a boy's — you may chisel a boy into shape, as you would a rock, or hammer him into it, if he be of a better kind, as you would a piece of bronze. But you cannot hammer a girl into anything. She grows as a flower does, — she will wither without sun ; she will decay in her sheath, as the narcissus will, if you do not give her air enough ; she may fall, and defile her head in dust, if you leave her without help at some moments of her life ; but you cannot fetter her ; she must take her own fair form and way, if she take any, and in mind as in body, must have always —

“ Her household motions light and free
And steps of virgin liberty.”

Let her loose in the library, I say, as you do a fawn in a field. It knows the bad weeds twenty times better than you ; and the good ones, too, and will eat some bitter and

prickly ones, good for it, which you had not the slightest thought would have been so.

79. Then, in art, keep the finest models before her, and let her practice in all accomplishments to be accurate and thorough, so as to enable her to understand more than she accomplishes. I say the finest models — that is to say, the truest, simplest, usefullest. Note those epithets ; they will range through all the arts. Try them in music, where you might think them the least applicable. I say the truest, that in which the notes most closely and faithfully express the meaning of the words, or the character of intended emotion ; again, the simplest, that in which the meaning and melody are attained with the fewest and most significant notes possible ; and, finally, the usefullest, that music which makes the best words most beautiful, which enchants them in our memories each with its own glory of sound, and which applies them closest to the heart at the moment we need them.

80. And not only in the material and in the course, but yet more earnestly in the spirit of it, let a girl's education be as serious as a boy's. You bring up **your** girls as if they were meant for sideboard ornament, and then complain of their frivolity. Give them the same advantages that you give their brothers — appeal to the same grand instincts of virtue in them ; teach *them*, also, that courage and truth are the pillars of their being ; — do you think that they would not answer that appeal, brave and true as they are even now, when you know that there is hardly a girl's school in this Christian kingdom where the children's courage or sincerity would be thought of half so much importance as their way of coming in at a door ; and when the whole system of society, as respects the mode of establishing them in life, is one rotten plague of cowardice and imposture — cowardice, in not daring to let them live, or love, except as

their neighbors choose ; and imposture, in bringing, for the purpose of our own pride, the full glow of the world's worst vanity upon a girl's eyes, at the very period when the whole happiness of her future existence depends upon her remaining undazzled ?

81. And give them, lastly, not only noble teachings, but noble teachers. You consider somewhat, before you send your boy to school, what kind of a man the master is ;—whatsoever kind of a man he is, you at least give him full authority over your son, and show some respect for him yourself ;—if he comes to dine with you, you do not put him at a side table ; you know, also, that at his college, your child's immediate tutor will be under the direction of some still higher tutor, for whom you have absolute reverence. You do not treat the Dean of Christ Church or the Master of Trinity as your inferiors.

But what teachers do you give your girls, and what reverence do you show to the teachers you have chosen ? Is a girl likely to think her own conduct, or her own intellect, of much importance, when you trust the entire formation of her character, moral and intellectual, to a person whom you let your servants treat with less respect than they do your housekeeper (as if the soul of your child were a less charge than jams and groceries), and whom you yourself think you confer an honor upon by letting her sometimes sit in the drawing-room in the evening ?

82. Thus, then, of literature as her help, and thus of art. There is one more help which we cannot do without — one which, alone, has sometimes done more than all other influences besides, — the help of wild and fair nature. Hear this of the education of Joan of Arc :—

“The education of this poor girl was mean according to the present standard ; was ineffably grand, according to a

purser philosophic standard ; and only not good for our age, because for us it would be unattainable. . . .

“Next after her spiritual advantages, she owed most to the advantages of her situation. The fountain of Domrémy was on the brink of a boundless forest ; and it was haunted to that degree by fairies, that the parish priest (*curé*) was obliged to read mass there once a year, in order to keep them in any decent bounds. . . .

“But the forests of Domrémy — those were the glories of the land ; for in them abode mysterious powers and ancient secrets that towered into tragic strength. ‘Abbeys there were, and abbey windows,’ — ‘like Moorish temples of the Hindoos,’ that exercised even princely power both in Touraine and in the German Diets. These had their sweet bells that pierced the forests for many a league at matins or vespers, and each its own dreamy legend. Few enough, and scattered enough, were these abbeys, so as in no degree to disturb the deep solitude of the region ; yet many enough to spread a network or awning of Christian sanctity over what else might have seemed a heathen wilderness.”¹

Now, you cannot, indeed, have here in England, woods eighteen miles deep to the centre ; but you can, perhaps, keep a fairy or two for your children yet, if you wish to keep them. But *do* you wish it ? Suppose you had each, at the back of your houses, a garden large enough for your children to play in, with just as much lawn as would give them room to run, — no more — and that you could not change your abode ; but that, if you chose, you could double your income, or quadruple it, by digging a coal-shaft in the middle of the lawn, and turning the flower-beds into heaps of coke. Would you do it ? I hope not. I can tell you,

¹ “Joan of Arc : in reference to M. Michelet’s History of France.” De Quincey’s Works, Vol. III, page 217.

you would be wrong if you did, though it gave you income sixty-fold instead of four-fold.

83. Yet this is what you are doing with all England. The whole country is but a little garden, not more than enough for your children to run on the lawns of, if you would let them *all* run there. And this little garden you will turn into furnace-ground, and fill with heaps of cinders, if you can ; and those children of yours, not you, will suffer for it. For the fairies will not be all banished ; there are fairies of the furnace as of the wood, and their first gifts seem to be “sharp arrows of the mighty” ; but their last gifts are “coals of juniper.”

84. And yet I cannot — though there is no part of my subject that I feel more — press this upon you ; for we made so little use of the power of nature while we had it, that we shall hardly feel what we have lost. Just on the other side of the Mersey you have your Snowdon, and your Menai Straits, and that mighty granite rock beyond the moors of Anglesea, splendid in its heatherly crest, and foot planted in the deep sea, once thought of as sacred — a divine promontory, looking westward ; the Holy Head or Headland, still not without awe when its red light glares first through storm. These are the hills, and these the bays and blue inlets, which, among the Greeks, would have been always loved, always fateful in influence on the national mind. That Snowdon is your Parnassus ; but where are its Muses ? That Holyhead mountain is your Island of Ægina, but where is its Temple to Minerva ?

85. Shall I read you what the Christian Minerva had achieved under the shadow of our Parnassus, up to the year 1848 ? — Here is a little account of a Welsh school, from page 261 of the report on Wales, published by the Committee of Council on Education. This is a school close to a town containing 5,000 persons : —

"I then called up a larger class, most of whom had recently come to the school. Three girls repeatedly declared that they had never heard of Christ, and two that they had never heard of God. Two out of six thought Christ was on earth now ('they might have had a worse thought, perhaps'); three knew nothing about the crucifixion. Four out of seven did not know the names of the months, nor the number of days in a year. They had no notion of addition beyond two and two, or three and three; their minds were perfect blanks."

Oh, ye women of England! from the Princess of that Wales to the simplest of you, do not think your own children can be brought into their true fold of rest while these are scattered on the hills, as sheep having no shepherd. And do not think your daughters can be trained to the truth of their own human beauty, while the pleasant places, which God made at once for their school-room and their playground, lie desolate and defiled. You cannot baptize them rightly in those inch-deep fonts of yours, unless you baptize them also in the sweet waters which the great Lawgiver strikes forth forever from the rocks of your native land — waters which a Pagan would have worshiped in their purity, and you only worship with pollution. You cannot lead your children faithfully to those narrow axe-hewn church altars of yours, while the dark azure altars in heaven — the mountains that sustain your island throne, — mountains on which a Pagan would have seen the powers of heaven rest in every wreathed cloud — remain for you without inscription; altars built, not to, but by, an Unknown God.

86. III. — Thus far, then, of the nature, thus far of the teaching, of woman, and thus of her household office, and queenliness. We come now to our last, our widest question, — What is her queenly office with respect to the state?

Generally we are under an impression that a man's duties are public, and a woman's private. But this is not altogether so. A man has a personal work or duty, relating to his own home, and a public work or duty, which is the expansion of the other, relating to the state. So a woman has a personal work and duty, relating to her own home, and a public work and duty, which is also the expansion of that.

Now the man's work for his own home is, as has been said, to secure its maintenance, progress, and defense ; the woman's to secure its order, comfort, and loveliness.

Expand both these functions. The man's duty, as a member of a commonwealth, is to assist in the maintenance, in the advance, in the defense of the state. The woman's duty, as a member of the commonwealth, is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and in the beautiful adornment of the state.

When the man is at his own gate, defending it, if need be, against insult and spoil, that also, not in a less, but in a more devoted measure, he is to be at the gate of his country, leaving his home, if need be, even to the spoiler, to do his more incumbent work there.

And, in like manner, what the woman is to be within her gates, as the center of order, the balm of distress, and the mirror of beauty ; that she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loveliness more rare.

And as within the human heart there is always set an instinct for all its real duties, — an instinct which you cannot quench, but only warp and corrupt if you withdraw it from its true purpose ; — as there is the intense instinct of love, which, rightly disciplined, maintains all the sanctities of life, and, misdirected, undermines them ; and *must* do either the one or the other ; — so there is in

the human heart an inextinguishable instinct, the love of power, which, rightly directed, maintains all the majesty of law and life, and misdirected, wrecks them.

87. Deep rooted in the innermost life of the heart of man, and of the heart of woman, God set it there, and God keeps it there. Vainly, as falsely, you blame or rebuke the desire of power!—For Heaven's sake, and for Man's sake, desire it all you can. But *what* power? That is all the question. Power to destroy? the lion's limb, and the dragon's breath? Not so. Power to heal, to redeem, to guide, and to guard. Power of the scepter and shield; the power of the royal hand that heals in touching,—that binds the fiend and looses the captive; the throne that is founded on the rock of Justice, and descended from only by steps of mercy. Will you not covet such power as this, and seek such throne as this, and be no more housewives, but queens?

88. It is now long since the women of England arrogated, universally, a title which once belonged to nobility only, and, having once been in the habit of accepting the simple title of gentlewoman, as correspondent to that of gentleman, insisted on the privilege of assuming the title of "Lady,"¹ which properly corresponds only to the title of "Lord."

I do not blame them for this; but only for their narrow motive in this. I would have them desire and claim the title of Lady, provided they claim, not merely the title, but

¹ I wish there were a true order of chivalry instituted for our English youth of certain ranks, in which both boy and girl should receive, at a given age, their knighthood and ladyhood by true title; attainable only by certain probation and trial both of character and accomplishment; and to be forfeited, on conviction, by their peers, of any dishonorable act. Such an institution would be entirely, and with all noble results, possible, in a nation which loved honor. That it would not be possible among us is not to the discredit of the scheme.

the office and duty signified by it. Lady means "bread-giver" or "loaf-giver," and Lord means "maintainer of laws," and both titles have reference, not to the law which is maintained in the house, nor to the bread which is given to the household, but to law maintained for the multitude, and to bread broken among the multitude. So that a Lord has legal claim only to his title in so far as he is the maintainer of the justice of the Lord of Lords; and a Lady has legal claim to her title only so far as she communicates that help to the poor representatives of her Master, which women once, ministering to Him of their substance, were permitted to extend to that Master Himself; and when she is known, as He Himself once was, in breaking of bread.

89. And this beneficent and legal dominion, this power of the Dominus, or House Lord, and of the Domina, or House-Lady, is great and venerable, not in the number of those through whom it has lineally descended, but in the number of those whom it grasps within its sway; it is always regarded with reverent worship wherever its dynasty is founded on its duty, and its ambition co-relative with its beneficence. Your fancy is pleased with the thought of being noble ladies, with a train of vassals. Be it so: you cannot be too noble, and your train cannot be too great; but see to it that your train is of vassals whom you serve and feed, not merely of slaves who serve and feed *you*; and that the multitude which obeys you is of those whom you have comforted, not oppressed, — whom you have redeemed, not led into captivity.

90. And this, which is true of the lower or household dominion, is equally true of the queenly dominion; — that highest dignity is opened to you, if you will also accept that highest duty. Rex et Regina — Roi et Reine — "*Right-doers*"; they differ but from the Lady and Lord, in that their power is supreme over the mind as over the person —

that they not only feed and clothe, but direct and teach. And whether consciously or not, you must be, in many a heart, enthroned : there is no putting by that crown ; queens you must always be ; queens to your lovers ; queens to your husbands and your sons ; queens of higher mystery to the world beyond, which bows itself, and will forever bow, before the myrtle crown, and the stainless scepter, of womanhood. But, alas ! you are too often idle and careless queens, grasping at majesty in the least things, while you abdicate it in the greatest ; and leaving misrule and violence to work their will among men, in defiance of the power, which, holding straight in gift from the Prince of all Peace, the wicked among you betray, and the good forget.

91. "Prince of Peace." Note that name. When kings rule in that name, and nobles, and the judges of the earth, they also, in their narrow place, and mortal measure, receive the power of it. There are no other rulers than they : other rule than theirs is but *misrule* ; they who govern verily "*Dei gratiâ*" are all princes, yes, or princesses, of peace. There is not a war in the world, no, nor an injustice, but you women are answerable for it ; not in that you have provoked, but in that you have not hindered. Men, by their nature, are prone to fight ; they will fight for any cause, or for none. It is for you to choose their cause for them, and to forbid them when there is no cause. There is no suffering, no injustice, no misery in the earth, but the guilt of it lies with you. Men can bear the sight of it, but you should not be able to bear it. Men may tread it down without sympathy in their own struggle ; but men are feeble in sympathy, and contracted in hope ; it is you only who can feel the depths of pain ; and conceive the way of its healing. Instead of trying to do this, you turn away from it ; you shut yourselves within your park walls and garden

gates ; and you are content to know that there is beyond them a whole world in wilderness—a world of secrets which you dare not penetrate ; and of suffering which you dare not conceive.

92. I tell you that this is to me quite the most amazing among the phenomena of humanity. I am surprised at no depths to which, when once warped from its honor, that humanity can be degraded. I do not wonder at the miser's death, with his hands, as they relax, dropping gold. I do not wonder at the sensualist's life, with the shroud wrapped about his feet. I do not wonder at the single-handed murder of a single victim, done by the assassin in the darkness of the railway, or reed-shadow of the marsh. I do not even wonder at the myriad-handed murder of multitudes, done boastfully in the daylight, by the frenzy of nations, and the immeasurable, unimaginable guilt, heaped up from hell to heaven, of their priests, and kings. But this is wonderful to me—oh, how wonderful!—to see the tender and delicate woman among you, with her child at her breast, and a power, if she would wield it, over it, and over its father, purer than the air of heaven, and stronger than the seas of earth—nay, a magnitude of blessing which her husband would not part with for all that earth itself, though it were made of one entire and perfect chrysolite :—to see her abdicate this majesty to play at precedence with her next-door neighbor ! This is wonderful—oh, wonderful!—to see her, with every innocent feeling fresh within her, go out in the morning into her garden to play with the fringes of its guarded flowers, and lift their heads when they are drooping, with her happy smile upon her face, and no cloud upon her brow, because there is a little wall around her place of peace : and yet she knows, in her heart, if she would only look for its knowledge, that, outside of that little rose-covered wall, the wild grass, to the horizon, is

torn up by the agony of men, and beat level by the drift of their life blood.

93. Have you ever considered what a deep under meaning there lies, or at least may be read, if we choose, in our custom of strewing flowers before those whom we think most happy? Do you suppose it is merely to deceive them into the hope that happiness is always to fall thus in showers at their feet? — that wherever they pass they will tread on herbs of sweet scent, and that the rough ground will be made smooth for them by depth of roses? So surely as they believe that, they will have, instead, to walk on bitter herbs and thorns; and the only softness to their feet will be of snow. But it is not thus intended they should believe; there is a better meaning in that old custom. The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers: but they rise behind her steps, not before them. “Her feet have touched the meadows, and left the daisies rosy.”

94. You think that only a lover's fancy; — false and vain! How if it could be true? You think this also, perhaps, only a poet's fancy —

“Even the light harebell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread.”

But it is little to say of a woman, that she only does not destroy where she passes. She should revive; the harebells should bloom, not stoop, as she passes. You think I am rushing into wild hyperbole? Pardon me, not a whit — I mean what I say in calm English, spoken in resolute truth. You have heard it said — (and I believe there is more than fancy even in that saying, but let it pass for a fanciful one) — that flowers only flourish rightly in the garden of some one who loves them. I know you would

like that to be true ; you would think it a pleasant magic if you could flush your flowers into brighter bloom by a kind look upon them : nay, more, if your look had the power, not only to cheer, but to guard them ;—if you could bid the black blight turn away, and the knotted caterpillar spare —if you could bid the dew fall upon them in the drought, and say to the south wind, in frost—“Come, thou south, and breathe upon my garden, that the spices of it may flow out.” This you would think a great thing? And do you think it not a greater thing, that all this (and how much **more** than this !) you *can* do, for fairer flowers than these—flowers that could bless you for having blessed them, and will love you for having loved them ;—flowers that have thoughts like yours, and lives like yours ; which, once saved, you save forever ? Is this only a little power ? Far among the moorlands and the rocks,—far in the darkness of the terrible streets,—these feeble florets are lying, with all their fresh leaves torn, and their stems broken—will you never go down to them, nor set them in order in their little fragrant beds, nor fence them in their trembling from the fierce wind ? Shall morning follow morning, for you, but not for them ; and the dawn rise to watch, far away, those frantic Dances of Death ;¹ but no dawn rise to breathe upon these living banks of wild violet, and woodbine, and rose ; nor call to you, through your casement,—call (not giving you the name of the English poet’s lady, but the name of Dante’s great Matilda, who on the edge of happy Lethe, stood, wreathing flowers with flowers), saying :—

“Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad
And the musk of the roses blown.”

¹ See note, p. 43.

Will you not go down among them?—among those sweet living things, whose new courage, sprung from the earth with the deep color of heaven upon it, is starting up in strength of goodly spire; and whose purity, washed from the dust, is opening, bud by bud, into the flower of promise;—and still they turn to you, and for you, “The Larkspur listens—I hear, I hear! And the Lily whispers—I wait.”

95. Did you notice that I missed two lines when I read you that first stanza; and think that I had forgotten them? Hear them now:—

“Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown.
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate, alone.”

Who is it, think you, who stands at the gate of this sweeter garden, alone, waiting for you? Did you ever hear, not of a Maude, but a Madeleine, who went down to her garden in the dawn, and found one waiting at the gate, whom she supposed to be the gardener? Have you not sought Him often;—sought Him in vain, all through the night;—sought Him in vain at the gate of that old garden where the fiery sword is set? He is never there; but at the gate of *this* garden He is waiting always—waiting to take your hand—ready to go down to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine has flourished, and the pomegranate budded. There you shall see with Him the little tendrils of the vines that His hand is guiding—there you shall see the pomegranate springing where His hand cast the sanguine seed;—more: you shall see the troops of the angel keepers, that, with their wings, wave away the hungry birds from the pathsides where He has sown, and call to each other between the vineyard rows, “Take us the

foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes." Oh—you queens—you queens; among the hills and happy greenwood of this land of yours, shall the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; and in your cities, shall the stones cry out against you, that they are the only pillows where the Son of Man can lay His head?

ANNOTATIONS.

51. **Spectral**: merely having the appearance of; unreal.

The likeness of a kingly crown have on: these words are borrowed from Milton's description of death.—"Paradise Lost," Book II.

56. **Orlan'do** and **Rös'alind**: characters in Shakespeare's play "As You Like It."

Cordē'ia: banished daughter of King Lear.

Desdemōn'a: heroine of the drama "Othello."

Isabella: a character in "Measure for Measure."

Hermī'one: the wife, and **Perdita**, the daughter of Leontes, King of Sicily, in "A Winter's Tale."

Im'ogen: heroine of the drama "Cymbeline."

Queen Katherine: first wife of Henry VIII, and heroine of the drama "Henry VIII."

Sil'via: the lady beloved by Valentine in "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Viō'la: heroine of the drama "Twelfth Night."

Hēl'ena: heroine of "All's Well that Ends Well."

Virgilia: wife of Coriolanus, in Shakespeare's play of that name.

Julia: a character in "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Hero and **Beatrice**: characters in the drama "Much Ado About Nothing."

The unlessoned girl: Portia, in "Merchant of Venice." She uses these words concerning herself.

57. **Emilia** : wife of Iago, in Shakespeare's play "Othello."

58. **Ophelia** : heroine of Shakespeare's "Hamlet."

Lady Macbeth : wife of Macbeth, in Shakespeare's drama.

Regan and **Goneril** : sisters of Cordelia and daughters of King Lear.

59. **Dand'ie Din'mont** : an eccentric character in Scott's novel "Guy Mannering."

Rob Roy : hero of Scott's story of the same name.

Clāverhouse : a character in "The Bride of Lammermoor."

Ellen Douglas : heroine of Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

Flora MacIvor : heroine of "Waverley."

Rose Bradwardine : a character in "Waverley."

Catherine Seyton : a character in "The Abbot."

Dian'a Vernon : heroine of "Rob Roy."

Lilias Redgauntlet : a character in Scott's story "Redgauntlet."

Alice Bridgenorth : heroine of "Peveril of the Peak."

Alice Lee : a character in "Woodstock."

Jeanie Deans : a character in "Heart of Midlothian."

60. *A love poem to his dead lady* : Bē'atrice, to whom the poet Dante had been deeply attached, died in her 24th year. Dante's love for her became to him a source of poetic inspiration, and he represents her as his guide in the "Paradiso."

Dan'te Rossett'i : a distinguished artist and poet, and a personal friend of Ruskin.

61. **Andromache** (An-drōm'-a-ke) : wife of Hector, a Trojan hero in the "Iliad."

Cassan'dra : daughter of Priam, King of Troy. She was gifted with the power of prophecy; but Apollo, whom she had offended, cursed her so that no one would believe her predictions.

Nausīc'āā : daughter of the King of the Phœa'cians, whose court was visited by Ulysses in his wanderings ("Odyssey"). She is a type of maidenly purity.

Penēl'o-pe : wife of Ulysses, — type of wifely constancy.

Antīg'one : heroine of Sophocles' drama of that name, — type of filial devotion.

Iphigenia (If-i-gen-ī'a) : daughter of Agamemnon, leader of the Greeks in the Trojan war, who offered her as a sacrifice to propitiate the offended goddess Diana.

Alces'tis : wife of Admē'tus, to save whose life she offered to die. Hercules brought her to life and restored her to her husband.

62. **Una** : an allegorical character in Spenser's "Faery Queene." She represents Truth.

Brit'omart : a character in the same poem. She typifies Chastity.

Lawgiver of all the earth : Moses, who was adopted by an Egyptian princess, daughter of Pharoah. — See Exodus ii. 5-10.

Athē'na : see Annotations to Kings' Treasuries, 45.

The Egyptian 'Spirit of Wisdom' is the goddess *Neith*.

Aeschylus (Es'-ke-lus) : a celebrated tragic dramatist of Greece.

68. **A Vestal temple** : a temple sacred to Vestā, goddess of the hearth, and therefore dedicated to purity and peace.

Pharos : a lighthouse built on an island at the entrance of the port of Alexandria in Egypt, one of the wonders of the ancient world.

69. "*La donna è mobile*" : woman is changeable.

"*Qual pium' al vento*" : like a feather in the wind.

"*Variable as the shade*," etc. : see Scott's "Marmion," Canto vi. Stanza 30.

70. *That poet who is distinguished*, etc. : Wordsworth.

71. The lines quoted are from Wordsworth's poem entitled "She was a Phantom of Delight."

81. **Christ Church** : one of the colleges forming the University of Oxford.

Trinity : one of the colleges belonging to the University of Cambridge.

82. **Joan of Arc** : the French peasant girl of Domre'my whose courage and enthusiasm enabled her to lead the French troops to victory over the English invaders (1402 A.D.).

Touraine : a province of France.

German Diets : legislative bodies in Germany are called Diets.

84. **Snowdon** : the highest mountain in Wales (3571 feet).

Holy Head : a seaport town on an island west of the island of Anglesea, with which it is connected by a causeway.

Parnas'sus : a mountain in Greece, believed to be a favorite haunt of Apollo and the Muses.

Island of Aegī'na: an island of Greece, sixteen miles from Athens, anciently celebrated for its magnificent temples.

Minerva: Roman name for Athena, goddess of wisdom.

87. *Power of the royal hand that heals in touching*: an allusion to the belief formerly current in England that the sovereign had the gift of healing by a touch.

90. **Rex et Regī'na** (Latin) and **Roi et Reine** (French) for king and queen. Derived from the Latin verb *regere*, to direct or guide straight; hence *right*.

91. **Dēi grā'tia**: by the grace of God.

93. "*Her feet have touched the meadows*," etc. - from Tennyson's "Maud."

94. The lines quoted are from Scott's "Lady of the Lake," Canto i. Stanza 18.

Dances of Death: pleasures of a life of dissipation.

Matil'da: an Italian countess, benefactress of the Church. Matilda (Dante) and Maud (Tennyson) are really the same name.

Lethe: in Greek mythology, a river of the underworld, a drink of whose waters caused forgetfulness of the past. Dante, however, attributed to its waters a double power:—

"Power to take away
Remembrance of offence"—and—"to bring
Remembrance back of every good deed done."

Purgatorio xxix. 134.

"*Come into the garden, Maud*," etc.: quoted from Tennyson's poem "Maud."

95. **Madeleine**: same as *Magdalene*. See John xx. 20.

That old garden where the fiery sword is set: see Genesis iii. 24.

Sanguine seed: the seeds of the pomegranate seem to be blood-red in color. *Sanguine* is derived from the Latin *sanguis*, blood.

"*Take us the foxes*," etc. See Song of Solomon ii. 15.





OCT 4 1905

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 017 197 105 6